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No. 1

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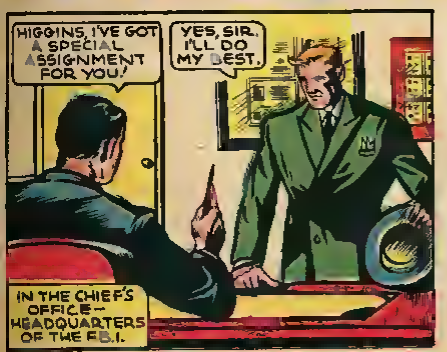
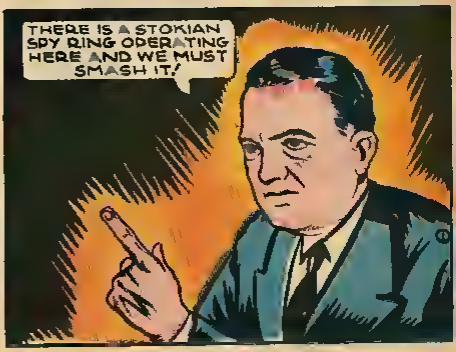
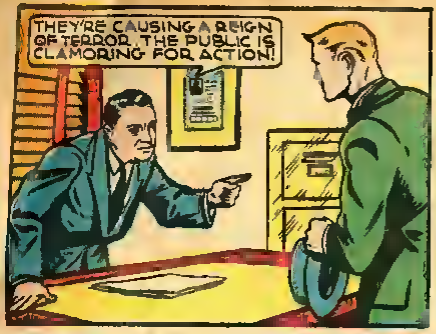
The SHIELD
G-MAN-EXTRAORDINARY

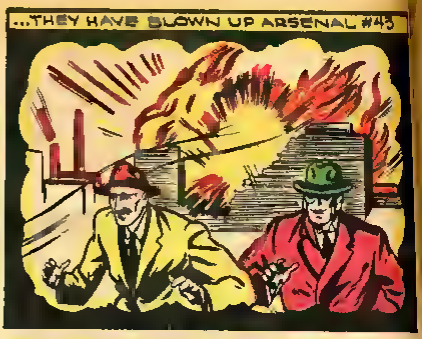
JOE HIGGINS, G-MAN EXTRAORDINARY, IS THE SHIELD. ONLY ONE LIVING MAN KNOWS THE SHIELDS TRUE IDENTITY AND THAT MAN IS THE CHIEF OF THE F.B.I.---BECAUSE JOE'S FATHER WAS KILLED IN THE FAMOUS BLACK TOM EXPLOSION SET OFF BY FOREIGN SPIES DURING THE WORLD WAR, HE, FROM THAT TIME FORWARD, SWORE TO DEVOTE HIS LIFE TO SHIELDING THE U.S. GOVERNMENT AND ITS PEOPLE FROM ANY HARM, AND SUCCEEDED IN SECURING AN APPOINTMENT AS G-MAN TO CARRY OUT HIS AVOWED PURPOSE. BECAUSE OF HIS UNIFORM HE IS CALLED "THE SHIELD" THIS UNIFORM, OF HIS OWN SECRET CONSTRUCTION, NOT ONLY IS BULLET AND FLAME-PROOF BUT GIVES HIM POWER TO PERFORM EXTRAORDINARY FEATS OF PHYSICAL DARING AND COURAGE WEARING HIS SHIELD, HE HAS THE SPEED OF A BULLET AND THE STRENGTH OF A HERCULES. WITH THESE POWERFUL FORCES, HE SHIELDS THE U.S. GOVERNMENT FROM ALL ENEMIES - THE FOUR WHITE STARS ON THE FIELD OF BLUE SIGNIFY TO WHAT HE HAS DEVOTED HIS LIFE - TRUTH, JUSTICE, PATRIOTISM AND COURAGE...

IRVING HOWICK

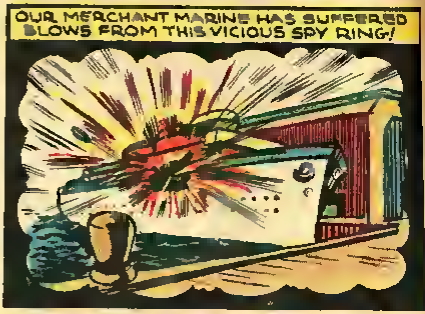





THEY'RE CAUSING A REIGN OF TERROR. THE PUBLIC IS CLAMORING FOR ACTION!


...THEY HAVE BLOWN UP ARSENAL #43

THEY ATTACK AMERICA'S VERY FORTIFICATIONS AND GET AWAY WITH IT!


OUR MERCHANT MARINE HAS SUFFERED BLOWS FROM THIS VICIOUS SPY RING!

HIGGINS— THEY MUST BE STOPPED! START AT ONCE!
I WILL, SIR!

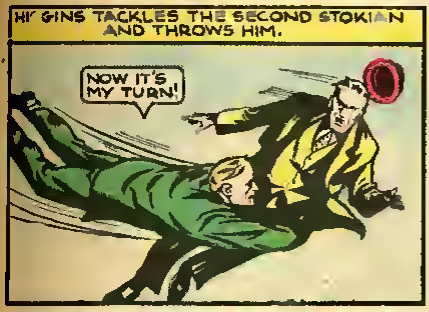
AS HIGGINS LEAVES THE F.B.I. BUILDING, TWO SINISTER FIGURES SLINK OUT OF A DARK ALLEY.

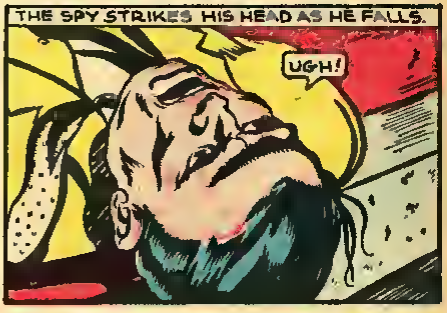
I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS, BUT HE WAS IN THE F.B.I. OFFICE.
HE MUST BE SPYING ON OUR GANG. LET'S GET HIM!
THE TWO MEN PROVE TO BE STOKIAN SPIES.

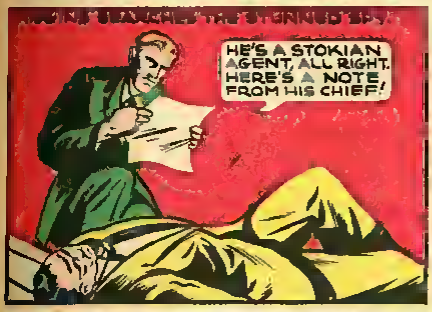
THEY ATTACK THIER PREY ON A SIDE STREET.

YOU DIRTY COPPER- I'LL KNOCK YOUR HEAD OFF!!

BUT WITH THE SPEED OF A FOX, HIGGINS DUCKS THE BLOW AND IT SMACKS THE OTHER ATTACKER, KNOCKING HIM COLD.

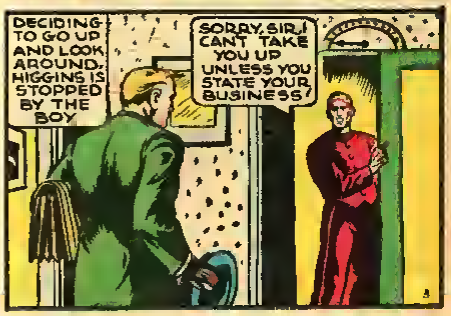

HIGGINS TACKLES THE SECOND STOKIAN AND THROWS HIM.
NOW IT'S MY TURN!

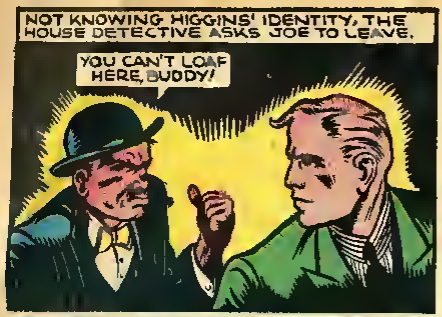

THE SPY STRIKES HIS HEAD AS HE FALLS.
UGH!


HE'S A STOKIAN AGENT, ALL RIGHT. HERE'S A NOTE, FROM HIS CHIEF!

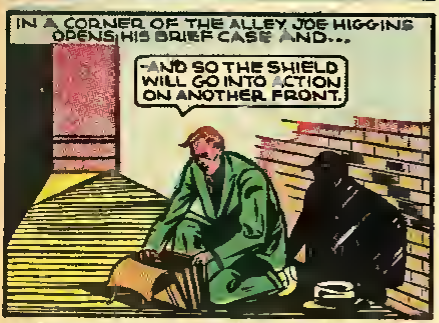
We meet on top floor of HOTEL BRAGANZA---all the building is in the hands of our friends.
KLOTZ

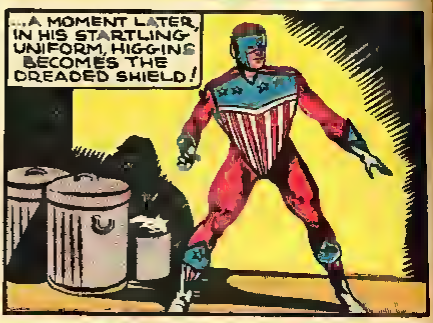
THE G-MAN ARRIVES AT THE HOTEL BRAGANZA AND ASKS FOR A ROOM.
SORRY SIR- WE HAVEN'T ANY ROOMS AVAILABLE


DECIDING TO GO UP AND LOOK AROUND, HIGGINS IS STOPPED BY THE BOY
SORRY, SIR, I CAN'T TAKE YOU UP UNLESS YOU STATE YOUR BUSINESS!


NOT KNOWING HIGGINS' IDENTITY, THE HOUSE DETECTIVE ASKS JOE TO LEAVE.
YOU CAN'T LOAF HERE, BUDDY!

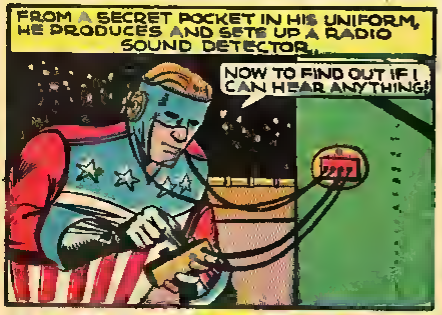
NOT WISHING TO AROUSE SUSPICION, JOE LEAVES THE HOTEL.
I CAN'T CAUSE A FUSS IN THE LOBBY, WITHOUT BEING SURE OF MY FACTS!

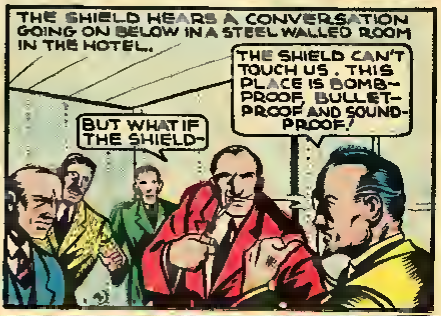

IN A CORNER OF THE ALLEY JOE HIGGINS OPENS HIS BRIEF CASE AND...
-AND SO THE SHIELD WILL GO INTO ACTION ON ANOTHER FRONT.


...A MOMENT LATER, IN HIS STARTLING UNIFORM, HIGGINS BECOMES THE DREADED SHIELD!

LIKE A HUMAN FLY THE SHIELD SCALES THE WALLS OF THE HOTEL.
THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY IN - FOR THE SHIELD!

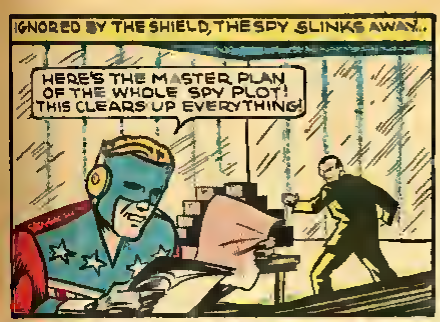
HERE I AM ON THE ROOF - BUT NOW HOW DO I GET IN?


FROM A SECRET POCKET IN HIS UNIFORM, HE PRODUCES AND SETS UP A RADIO SOUND DETECTOR...
NOW TO FIND OUT IF I CAN HEAR ANYTHING!

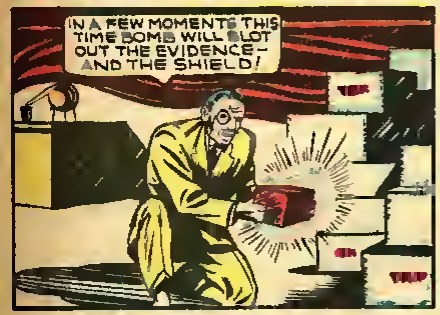

THE SHIELD HEARS A CONVERSATION GOING ON BELOW IN A STEEL WALLED ROOM IN THE HOTEL..
THE SHIELD CAN'T TOUCH US. THIS PLACE IS BOMB-PROOF, BULLET-PROOF AND SOUND-PROOF!
BUT WHAT IF THE SHIELD-

BUT THE SHIELD'S ELECTRIC EAR BRINGS THE MASTER SPY'S VOICE TO HIM.
WELL, NOT QUITE SOUND-PROOF! AND MAYBE I CAN TOUCH THEM.
IF THE HIDEOUT IS BOMB-PROOF, MAYBE THIS CHEMICAL WILL BE BETTER.
THE SHIELD MIXES A POTENT BREW.
THE POWERFUL SECRET FORMULA CUTS ITS WAY THROUGH ARMOR PLATING.
IN THE HIDEOUT, JUST AS THE MASTER SPY BOASTS OF SUCCESS TO COME...
NOW FOR OUR BIG ADVENTURE--TO ASSASSINATE THE ARMY CHIEFS!
LOOK OUT-IT'S THE SHIELD!
HE'S TORN OPEN THE ROOF!

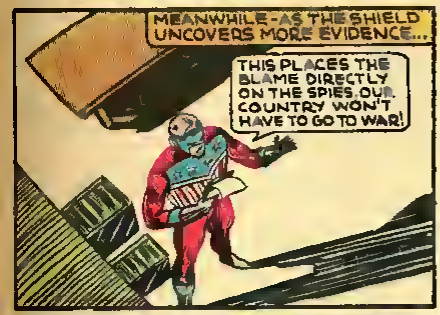
SHOOT HIM DOWN!
I'LL WIDE HIM OUT!
BUT THE BULLETS FLATTEN HARMLESSLY ON THE SHIELD'S UNIFORM.
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
DON'T WORRY—I'M NOT LEAVING YET!
THE DESPERATE MEN ARE LIKE PLAYTHINGS IN THE HANDS OF THE SHIELD.
STAND BACK!
I WANT TO SEE THE PAPERS IN THAT CABINET!
THE CHIEF SPY CRASHES THE SWORD DOWN ON THE SHIELD'S HEAD— BUT THE BLADE CRUMPLES.
WON'T ANYTHING STOP YOU?
NOPE—NOTHING!
THE SHIELD PUSHES THE CHIEF SPY TO ONE SIDE AND GOES THROUGH THE FILES.
THESE DOCUMENTS LOOK INTERESTING.

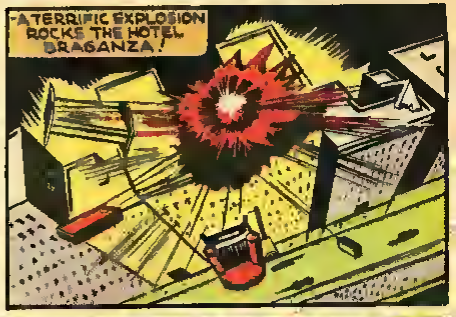

IGNORED BY THE SHIELD, THE SPY SLINKS AWAY...
HERE'S THE MASTER PLAN OF THE WHOLE SPY PLOT! THIS CLEARS UP EVERYTHING!

...AND STACKS UP HIGH EXPLOSIVES.
T.N.T.

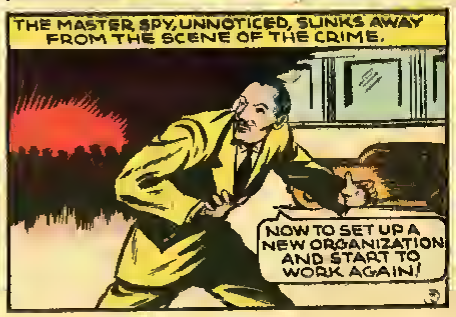

IN A FEW MOMENTS THIS TIME BOMB WILL BLOT OUT THE EVIDENCE— AND THE SHIELD!

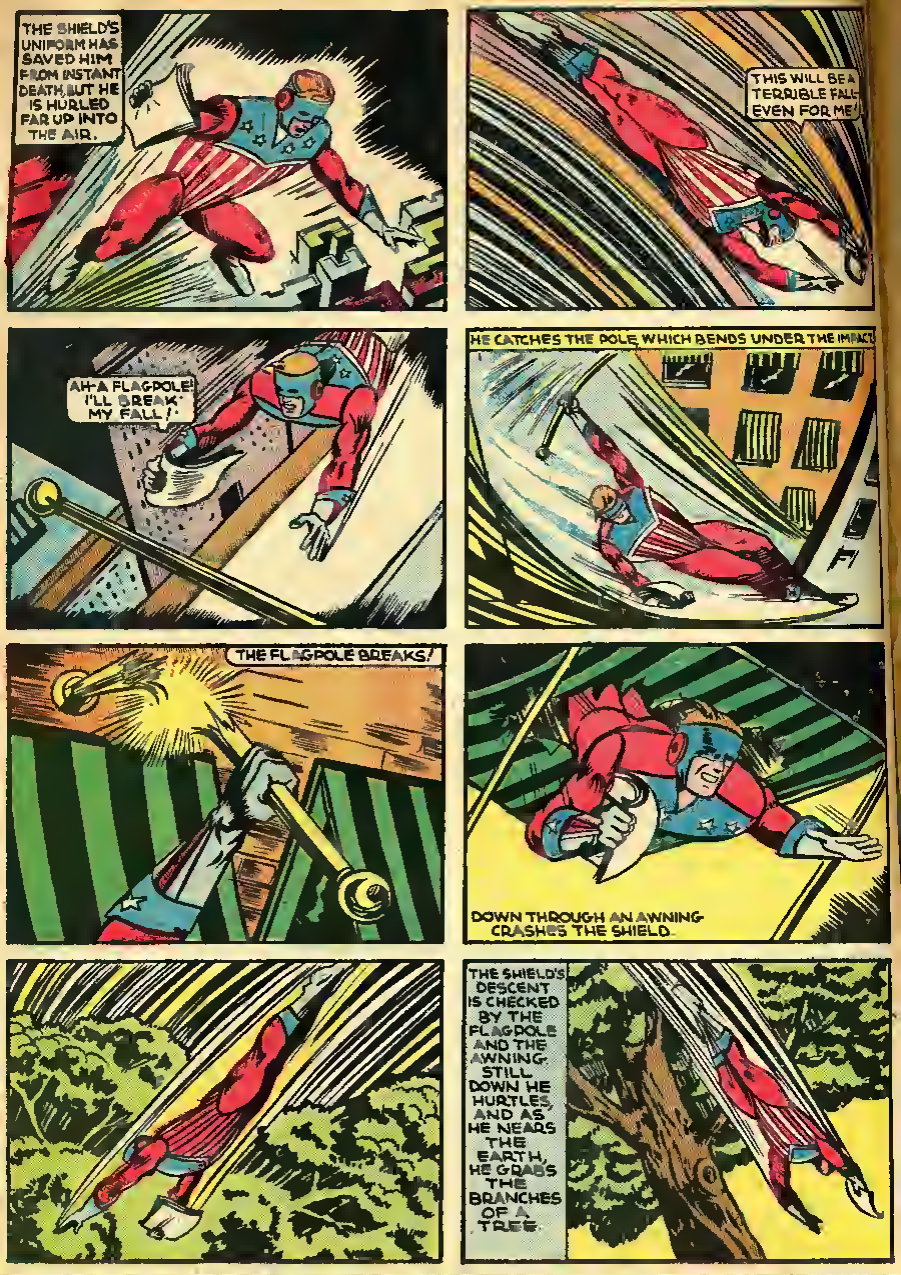
AND THE MASTER SPY ESCAPES THROUGH A SECRET PANEL.
T.N.T.

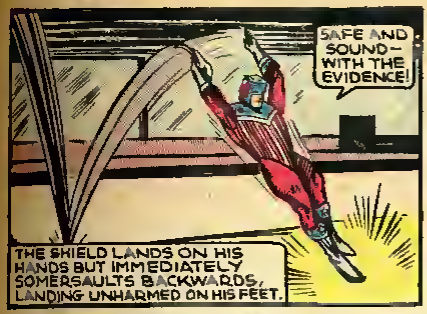

MEANWHILE—AS THE SHIELD UNCOVERS MORE EVIDENCE...
THIS PLACES THE BLAME DIRECTLY ON THE SPIES. OUR COUNTRY WON'T HAVE TO GO TO WAR!

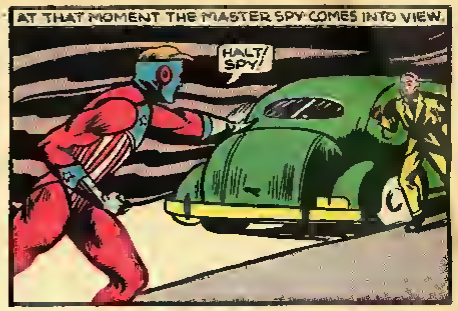

A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION ROCKS THE HOTEL BRAGANZA!

PASSERS-BY ARE HORRIFIED--ALL BUT ONE!
THAT SETTLES THE SHIELD!

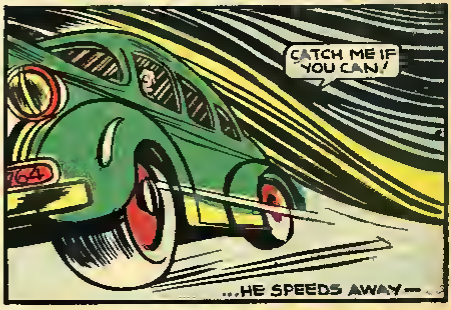

THE MASTER SPY, UNNOTICED, SLINKS AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.
NOW TO SET UP A NEW ORGANIZATION AND START TO WORK AGAIN!

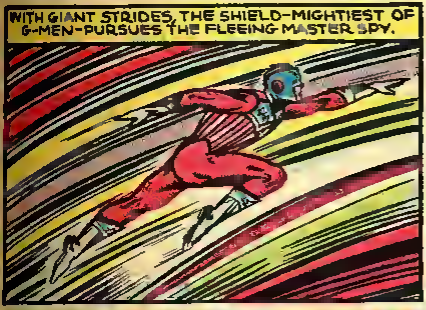

THE SHIELD'S UNIFORM HAS SAVED HIM FROM INSTANT DEATH, BUT HE IS HURLED FAR UP INTO THE AIR.
THIS WILL BE A TERRIBLE FALL EVEN FOR ME!
AH-A FLAGPOLE! I'LL BREAK MY FALL!
HE CATCHES THE POLE, WHICH BENDS UNDER THE IMPACT
THE FLAGPOLE BREAKS!
DOWN THROUGH AN AWNING CRASHES THE SHIELD.
THE SHIELD'S DESCENT IS CHECKED BY THE FLAGPOLE AND THE AWNING. STILL DOWN HE HURTLES, AND AS HE NEARS THE EARTH, HE GRABS THE BRANCHES OF A TREE.

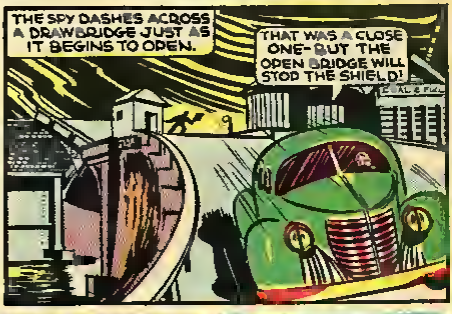

SAFE AND SOUND— WITH THE EVIDENCE!
THE SHIELD LANDS ON HIS HANDS BUT IMMEDIATELY SOMERSAULTS BACKWARDS, LANDING UNHARMED ON HIS FEET.

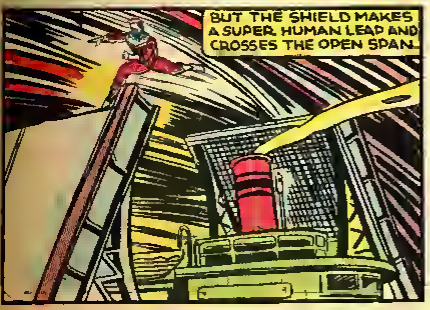

AT THAT MOMENT THE MASTER SPY COMES INTO VIEW.
HALT! SPY!

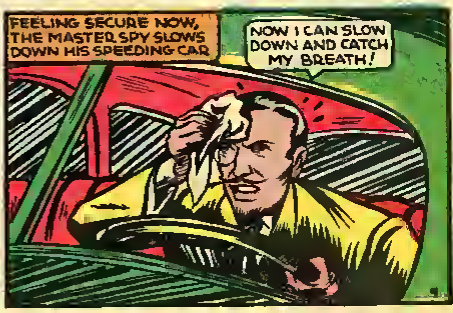
YOU WON'T GET ME— NOT YET!
BUT THE SPY DASHES INTO HIS CAR AND...


CATCH ME IF YOU CAN!
...HE SPEEDS AWAY—


WITH GIANT STRIDES, THE SHIELD—MIGHTIEST OF G-MEN—PURSUES THE FLEEING MASTER SPY.


THE SPY DASHES ACROSS A DRAWBRIDGE JUST AS IT BEGINS TO OPEN.
THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE— BUT THE OPEN BRIDGE WILL STOP THE SHIELD!


BUT THE SHIELD MAKES A SUPER, HUMAN LEAP AND CROSSES THE OPEN SPAN.


FEELING SECURE NOW, THE MASTER SPY SLOWS DOWN HIS SPEEDING CAR
NOW I CAN SLOW DOWN AND CATCH MY BREATH!

THE SHIELD ZOOMS INTO VIEW...
THE SHIELD AGAIN!
...AND SOMERSAULTS TO HIS FEET DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE CAR...
HALT!! SURRENDER!
OUT OF MY WAY-OR I'LL SMASH YOU!
CORT ST.
THE CAR CRASHES INTO THE SHIELD AT FULL SPEED!- BUT HIS UNIFORM PROTECTS HIM FROM HARM.
I'LL CONFESS THE SPY PLOT-ONLY SPARE MY LIFE!
NO-THE SPY STUFF HAS HAD ENOUGH PUBLICITY. CONFESS THAT YOU BLEW UP THE HOTEL!
AWED BY THE SHIELD'S AMAZING FEATS, THE MASTER SPY BEGS FOR MERCY.
NOT WISHING TO REVEAL HIS IDENTITY, THE SHIELD PLACES HIS CARD IN THE SPY'S HAND AND SILENTLY DISAPPEARS...
I SURRENDER, OFFICER- I BLEW UP THE HOTEL BRAGANZA!
THEN YOU'LL GO TO PRISON FOR LIFE. BUT WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR HAND?
TRUTH
JUSTICE
AS PLAIN JOE HIGGINS, THE SHIELD REPORTS TO HIS CHIEF...
YOU DID A GREAT JOB HIGGINS!
THANKS, CHIEF. WHAT'S MY NEXT ASSIGNMENT?
THE SHIELD- ALWAYS READY TO PROTECT AMERICA, RECEIVES ANOTHER DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT FROM HIS CHIEF IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS!

THE COMET
JOHN DICKERING, A YOUNG SCIENTIST, DISCOVERS A GAS THAT IS FIFTY TIMES LIGHTER THAN HYDROGEN. HE ALSO DISCOVERS THAT, BY INJECTING SMALL DOSES OF THE GAS INTO HIS BLOODSTREAM, HIS BODY BECOMES LIGHT ENOUGH TO MAKE GREAT LEAPS THROUGH THE AIR!
SMASH ADVENTURES OF THE MOST ASTONISHING MAN ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH
by JACK COLE
AFTER MANY OF SUCH INJECTIONS, HE FINDS THAT THE GAS ACCUMULATES IN THE EYES AND THROWS OFF TWO POWERFUL BEAMS —
THESE RAYS, WHEN THEY CROSS EACH OTHER, CAUSE WHATEVER HE LOOKS AT TO DISINTEGRATE COMPLETLY
!!!
THERE GOES MY TEST-TUBE RACK!
PJFF!
1

TO PREVENT DISINTEGRATING EVERYTHING HE LOOKS AT, IT BECOMES NECESSARY FOR HIM TO WEAR A GLASS SHIELD OVER HIS EYES, FOR GLASS IS THE ONLY THING THAT THE RAY CANNOT PENETRATE!

REALIZING SUCH A PHENOMENON WOULD WRECK CIVILIZATION IF IT SHOULD FALL INTO EVIL HANDS, HE DESTROYS THE FORMULA AND MAKES A SOLEMN VOW TO USE HIS POWERS EVER FOR THE BENEFIT OF HUMANITY!— THUS IS BORN THE COMET!

THE SCENE SHIFTS TO A SMALL HOUSE IN CHICAGO.

NO MORE SMALL-TIME FOR US, BOYS!—FROM NOW ON, WE'RE OUT FOR REAL CASH!—EVER HEAR OF A LITTLE GAME CALLED, "MURDER-FOR-INSURANCE?"

BUT, AIN'T THAT TOO RISKEY, JAKE—POISON, I MEAN?

NOT WITH THIS STUFF!—TYPHOID FEVER GERMS! DEATH FROM NATURAL CAUSES—NO TRACE OF ANY POISON—WHY, IT'S FOOLPROOF!!

CHEEZE! WHERE D'JA GET IT?

THE "BOSS" IS GONNA SHIP US A BATCH EVERY WEEK!—NOW HERE'S THE SET-UP!—WE CONTACT BENEFICIARIES OF LARGE INSURANCE POLICIES AND OFFER TO BUMP OFF THE INSURED WITH THESE GERMS FOR HALF THE AMOUNT OF THE POLICY!

SOON AFTERWARDS, NEWS OF A GREAT CATASTROPHE TERRIFIES ALL CHICAGO!

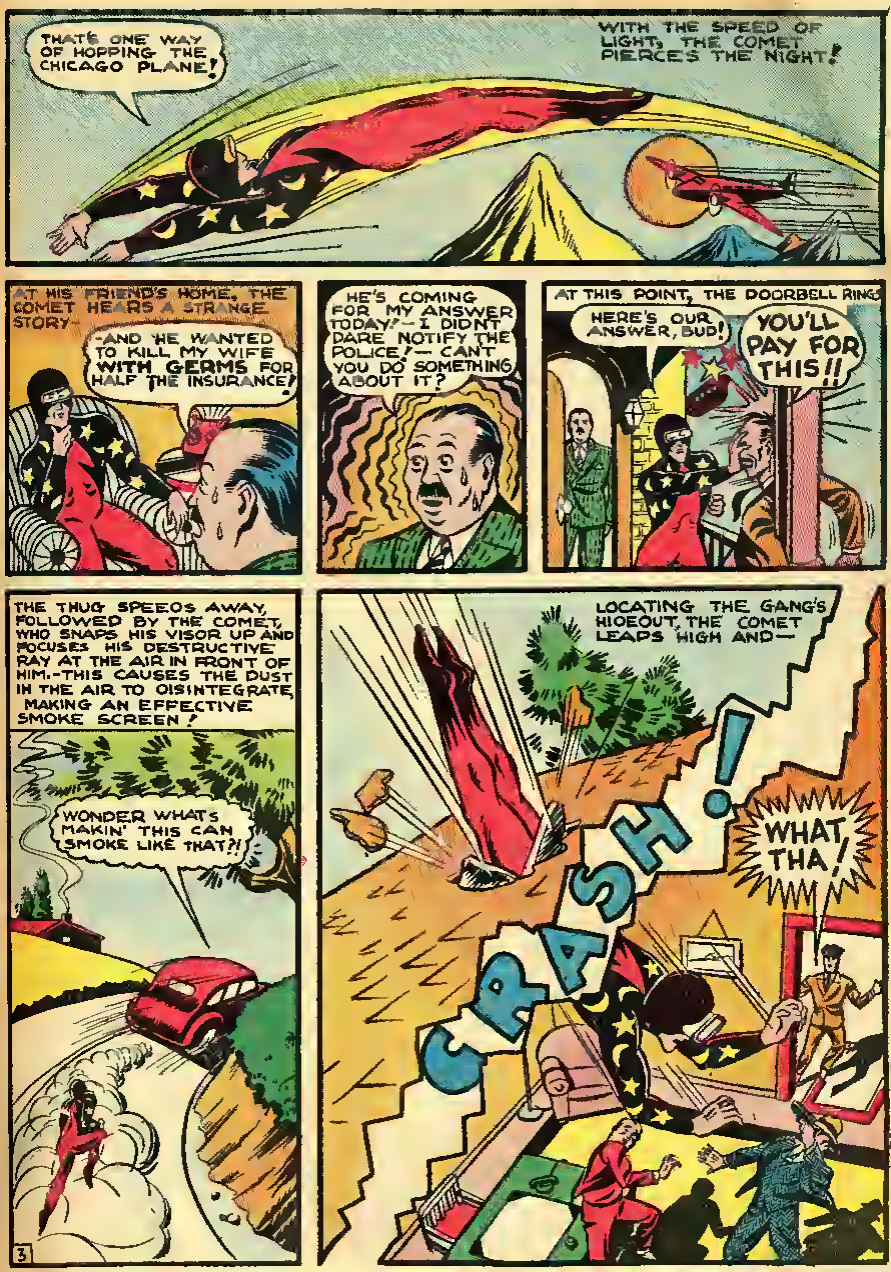
WUXTRA!! TYPHOID FEVER EPIDEMIC SWEEPS CITY!

EXTRA EVENING NEWS

JOHN! CAN YOU HOP THE NEXT PLANE FOR CHICAGO? IT'S URGENT!

THE COMET RECEIVES A CALL FROM A FRIEND.

YOU! BET!


THAT'S ONE WAY OF HOPPING THE CHICAGO PLANE!
WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE COMET PIERCES THE NIGHT!
AT HIS FRIEND'S HOME, THE COMET HEARS A STRANGE STORY—
-AND HE WANTED TO KILL MY WIFE WITH GERMS FOR HALF THE INSURANCE!
HE'S COMING FOR MY ANSWER TODAY?—I DIDN'T DARE NOTIFY THE POLICE!—CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?
AT THIS POINT, THE DOORBELL RINGS
HERE'S OUR ANSWER, BUD!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!!
THE THUG SPEEDS AWAY, FOLLOWED BY THE COMET, WHO SNAPS HIS VISOR UP AND FOCUSES HIS DESTRUCTIVE RAY AT THE AIR IN FRONT OF HIM.-THIS CAUSES THE DUST IN THE AIR TO DISINTEGRATE, MAKING AN EFFECTIVE SMOKE SCREEN!
WONDER WHAT'S MAKIN' THIS CAN SMOKE LIKE THAT?!
LOCATING THE GANG'S HIDEOUT, THE COMET LEAPS HIGH AND—
CRASH!
WHAT, THA,
3

NO YOU DON'T!
MY GUN! IT'S GONE!
OUT WITH IT— WHO'S THE BOSS OF THIS OUTFIT?
WE DON'T KNOW HONEST!—WE'VE NEVER SEEN HIM!
WHAT'S THIS LIST OF NAMES?
IT'S A LIST OF THE HOPS WE JUST MADE GERM-DELIVERIES TO!
TAKING THE GANGSTERS OUTSIDE, THE COMET CASTS HIS DISINTEGRATING RAY ON THE HOUSE.
JUST A SAMPLE OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU IF I CATCH YOU AT THIS BUSINESS AGAIN!
CRACK!
SAVING INNOCENT LIVES IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN DEALING WITH YOU RIGHT NOW— BUT I'LL BE BACK!
WHEW! WHAT A MAN! —— LOOK!—ONLY THE WINDOW GLASS REMAINS OF THE HOUSE! HMMM!—I WONDER!
4.
MEANWHILE, THE COMET RACES TO SAVE THE LIVES OF THOSE PEOPLE MARKED FOR DEATH—
—AT ANOTHER HOME—
THINKING OF KILLING HUBBY, MAAM.

A FEW DAYS LATER THE COMET SPIES ONE OF THE THUGS
JUST A MINUTE! GIVE ME THAT SATCHEL!
SO! TYPHOID GERMS! THOUGHT I WAS KIDDING, EH?—ALLRIGHT, LEECH, WHERE'S YOUR HANG-OUT THIS TIME?
D-DON'T CHOKE ME! IT'S ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE TRI-STATE BUILDING
NO! NO! DON'T!!
BUD, YOU'VE OUTLIVED YOUR USEFULNESS!
WITH VENGENCE IN HIS HEART, THE COMET LEAPS FOR THE TOP OF THE TRI-STATE
RAISING HIS PROTECTIVE VISOR, HE CASTS THE DISINTEGRATING RAY ON THE BUILDING, AND DIVES INTO THE HOLE MADE BY IT,— BUT—
CRASH!
THE COMET CRASHES INTO A SHEET OF PLATE GLASS WHICH HIS RAY CANNOT PENETRATE!
UNCONSCIOUS, THE COMET IS BROUGHT INSIDE—
NEAT IDEA, JAKE—LINING THE WALLS WITH PLATE GLASS!
THIS IS THE END, WISE GUY!
JUST IN TIME, THE COMET REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.—HE DESTROYS THE BULLET IN MID-AIR—
PUFF
PREPARE TO FACE YOUR MAKER!

AMID SCREAMS OF TERROR, THE CRUEL MURDERERS MELT INTO NOTHINGNESS!
THE COMET LOOKS AROUND FOR POSSIBLE CLUES OF THE "BIG BOSS" IDENTITY
HOMING PIGEONS! I'LL BET THAT'S HOW THEY'VE BEEN CONTACTING HIM!
FREEING ONE OF THE PIGEONS, THE COMET FOLLOWS!—IT LEADS HIM TO A BEAUTIFUL HOME IN THE SUBURBS-
THERE'S A MAN LEAVING THE HOUSE!
THE COMET DIVES EARTHWARD
I'LL SNEAK UP ON HIM!
HUH?!-
DR. ARCHER!—SO THIS IS HOW YOU SPEND YOUR IDLE HOURS!—DEALING DEATH IN GERMS!!
LET ME DOWN!—DO YOU HEAR?—LET ME DOWN!!
AS YOU WISH, DOCTOR!—THE WORLD HAS TOO MANY OF YOUR KIND ALREADY!!
EEEYOOOOOW
AND SO, WITH THE GANG DEMOLISHED, THE COMET FLASHES AWAY ON ANOTHER ERRAND OF JUSTICE!
ANOTHER THRILLING "COMET" STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF—PEP COMICS!

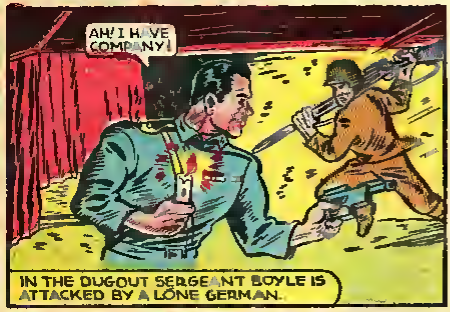
JOCKO
LOOK-JOCK IS BACK.
HELLO JOCK.
HI! JOCK! IT IS YOU!
JUNGLE-WALK BLVD
WHO IS THAT FELLOW?
THAT'S JOCK. HE JUST CAME BACK FROM A THREE YEAR TOUR WITH THE CIRCUS.
POPULAR-GUY YILLSAW
CITY OF
THIS TOWN NEEDS NEW ROADS!
LET'S ASK JOCK— HE'S HAD A LOT OF WORLDY EXPERIENCE
YOU GOT SOMETHIN THERE, BOYS!
BOMMI REPORT
OKAY, BOYS— I'LL TAKE THE CONTRACT.
THAT'S RIGHT, JOCK, AND— SEND US THE BILL.
ATTA JOCK
JOCKO SOCIAL CLUB
NOW YOU GET THE IDEA— DONT YOU BOYS
AW— SURE
IT'S A HONEY BOSS
HOW TO PAD PAYROLL
JOE-YOU GET THE SAND AND GRAVEL CONTRACT, UNDERSTAND?
SH!
OK, JOCK I'M WISE.
AW! COM'ON.

BILLIE, YOU SUPPLY THE LABOR— RIGHT?
OKAY BOSS
FRANKIE, YOU GET— THE CONTRACT FOR THE MACHINERY AND TOOLS —.
ROAD CLOSED
IT'S OK WITH ME BOSS!
THINGS ARE GOING TO GO OK —
HI-BOSS PERFECT
AT WORK
OK. THE PAYROLL, CHIEF—THERE'S 200 DEAD HEADS ON IT —
THAT'S OK. DONT WORRY BILL —
PAYROLL
OKAY
HERE YOU ARE, BOSS— 200 CARLOADS OF SAND-SH-HA!HA! THERE WAS ONLY 50."
Extra Material Sand and Asher 200 each. Wk
HERE'S THE BILL FOR THE— SHOVELS, BOSS. THERE AINT NONE BUT I'LL PUT THE BILL IN JUST THE SAME.
OFFICE
OKAY
YES GENTLEMEN IT'S GOING ALLRIGHT.
WHEN WILL THE ROAD BE FINISHED?
HURRAY!!!
H'RAY-RAH
IN JUST A WEEK IT WILL BE READY TO OPEN.

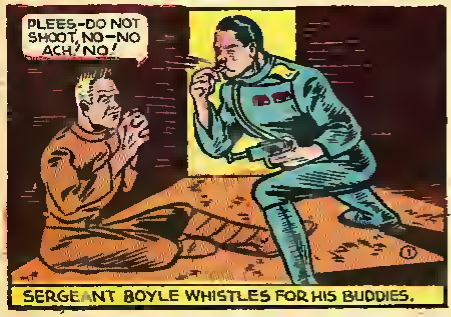
"GALA" OPENING OF ROAD SAT-NITE
GREAT WORK!
MOUNT WHOOPE
AND NOW I DECLARE THIS ROAD OFFICIALY OPEN!
CUT IT!
HUR-RAH!
AND THANKS TO JOCKO WE HAVE THE FINEST ROAD IN THE JUNGLE.
RAH!
HUR-RAH
PUNCH
RACKET PUNCH
HERE COMES JOCK WITH THE BILL.
TAX DEPT
MAYORS office
OH, HE'S IN, EH! OKAY.
HERE YOU ARE, MR. MAYOR. HERE IS THE ITEMIZED BILL FOR TH' ROAD.
HOME
TWO MILLION— COCONUTS-OUTRAGEOUS!
WE'VE BEEN SWINDLED HE'S A CROOK!
WE ARE ASHAMED OF YOU-YOU WERE ALWAYS AN HONEST MAN— WHAT HAS HAPPENED— TO YOU.?
I WAS ALL RIGHT TILL I WENT TO AMERICA— AND BECAME CIVILIZED!
Dick Ryan

SERGEANT·BOYLE

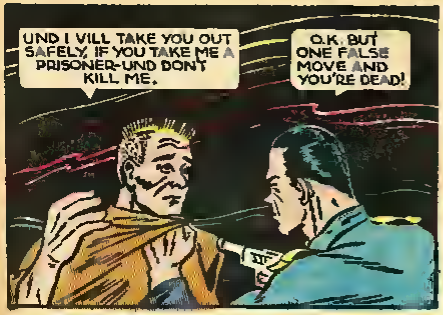
HENRY "HANK" BOYLE, AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN LONDON, STARTS OUT FOR HOME WHEN WAR BREAKS OUT, BUT HIS SHIP IS TORPEDOED BY A GERMAN U-BOAT. RESCUED, BOYLE JOINS THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, WHERE HE IS MADE A SERGEANT. WE FIND SERGEANT BOYLE AND A FEW BRITISH TOMMIES SOMEWHERE IN NO-MAN'S LAND...



IN THE DUGOUT SERGEANT BOYLE IS ATTACKED BY A LONE GERMAN.



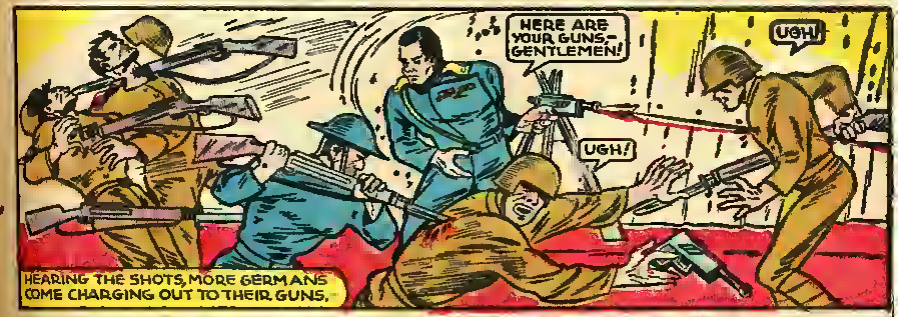
SERGEANT BOYLE WHISTLES FOR HIS BUDDIES.

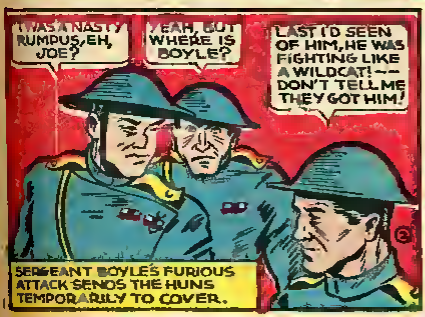

UND I VILL TAKE YOU OUT SAFELY, IF YOU TAKE ME A PRISONER-UND DON'T KILL ME.
O.K. BUT ONE FALSE MOVE AND YOU'RE DEAD!

I SAY, SERGEANT, DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE?
SURE IS! THIS GUY'S TOO SCARED TO TRY ANY TRICKS!
DEES VAY-
O.K.
THE GERMAN SOLDIER LEADS THE WAY...

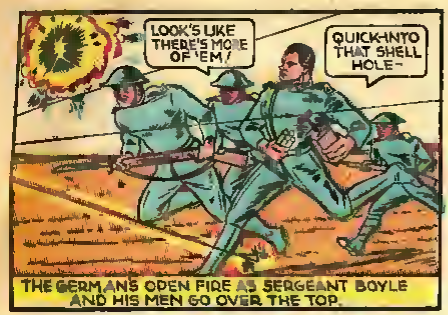
ACH-VAS IST DAS?
LOOK OUT MEN-IT'S A TRAP!
THE PRISONER LEADS THEM INTO A GERMAN TRENCH.

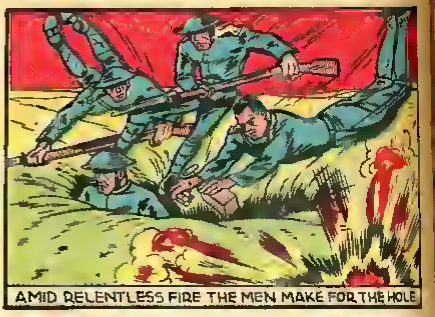
BUT SERGEANT BOYLE LETS GO...
THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU, TWO!

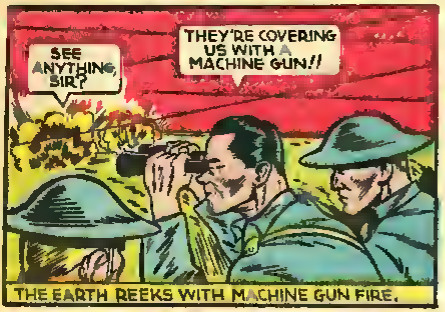

HERE ARE YOUR GUNS-GENTLEMEN!
UGH!
UGH!
HEARING THE SHOTS, MORE GERMANS COME CHARGING OUT TO THEIR GUNS.

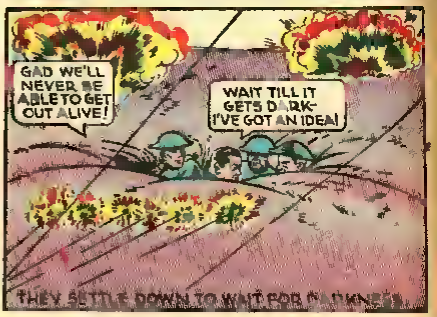

WAS A NASTY RUMPUS, EH, JOE?
YEAH, BUT WHERE IS BOYLE?
LAST I'D SEEN OF HIM, HE WAS FIGHTING LIKE A WILDCAT!-- DON'T TELL ME THEY GOT HIM!
SERGEANT BOYLE'S FURIOUS ATTACK SENDS THE HUNS TEMPORARILY TO COVER.

LOOK, GUYS-I HIT THE JACKPOT, NO SLUGS BUT T.N.T. STICKS AND A SWITCH BOX--


LOOK'S LIKE THERE'S MORE OF 'EM!
QUICK-INTO THAT SHELL HOLE—
THE GERMANS OPEN FIRE AS SERGEANT BOYLE AND HIS MEN GO OVER THE TOP.

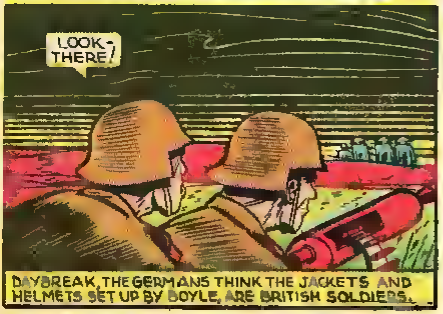

AMID RELENTLESS FIRE THE MEN MAKE FOR THE HOLE

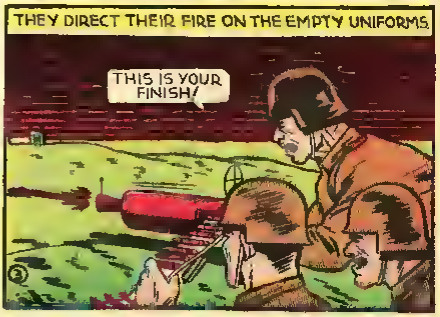

SEE ANYTHING, SIR?
THEY'RE COVERING US WITH A MACHINE GUN!!
THE EARTH REEKS WITH MACHINE GUN FIRE.


GAD WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET OUT ALIVE!
WAIT TILL IT GETS DARK- I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

QUICK MEN- GIVE ME YOUR JACKETS AND HELMETS!
WHEN NIGHT FALLS...

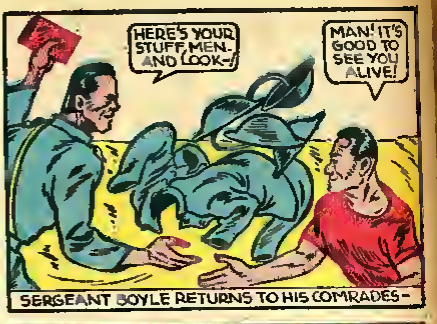
SERGEANT BOYLE GOES OVER TO TACKLE THE MACHINE GUN NEST SINGLE HANDED.

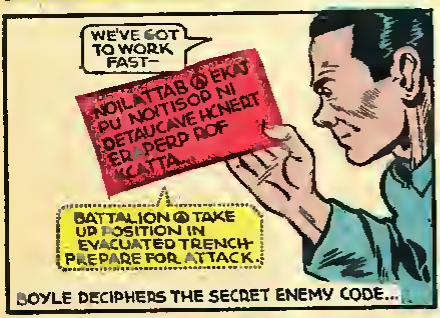

LOOK- THERE!
DAYBREAK, THE GERMANS THINK THE JACKETS AND HELMETS SET UP BY BOYLE, ARE BRITISH SOLDIERS.

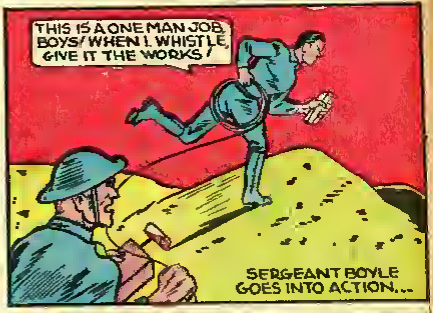

THEY DIRECT THEIR FIRE ON THE EMPTY UNIFORMS.
THIS IS YOUR FINISH!

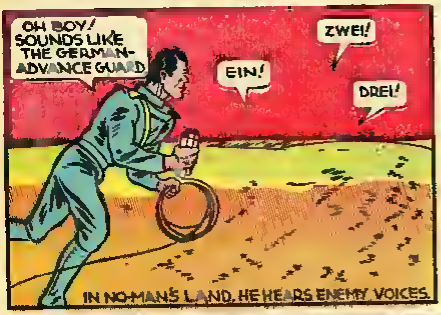
QUICK-FRITZ, HUGO-THERE IS ANOTHER!
DAS VILL STOP HIM!
THE LONE FIGURE CHARGING TOWARD THE GERMANS IS NONE OTHER THAN —SERGEANT BOYLE.
I'LL STOP THAT CHATTER BOX!
DODGING BULLETS, BOYLE HURLS A GRENADE
UGH!
THE BURSTING GRENADE MOMENTARILY STOPS THE ENEMY'S FIRE...
BEFORE THE SMOKE CLEARS, BOYLE-IN FULL ACTION-STORMS INTO THE NEST—
SAY YOUR PRAYERS!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
THE MACHINE-GUNNER TRAINS HIS DEADLY WEAPON ON SERGEANT BOYLE...
DODGING THE SHOTS-BOYLE'S BULLETS HIT THE MAGAZINE, EXPLODING THE MACHINE GUN....

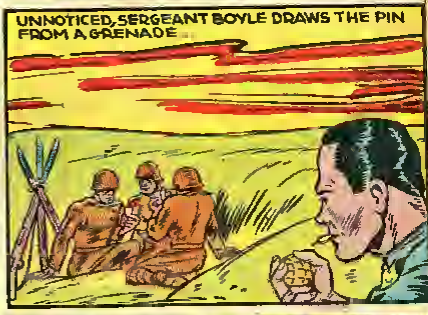
I MIGHT FIND SOME IMPORTANT PAPERS ON THESE GUYS!

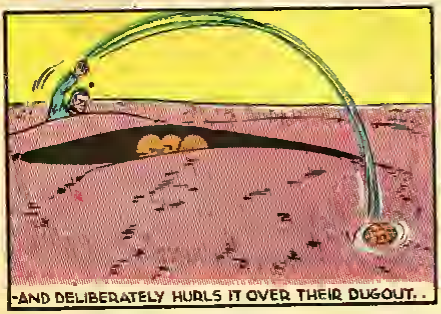

HERE'S YOUR STUFF, MEN. AND LOOK-!
MAN! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU ALIVE!
SERGEANT BOYLE RETURNS TO HIS COMRADES-

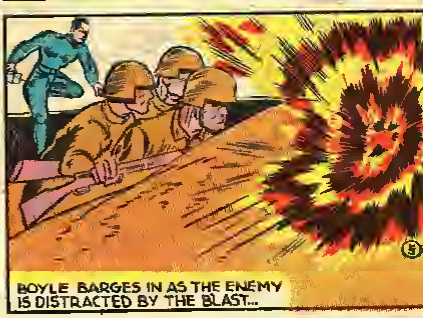

WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST-
NOIL ATTAB @ EKAT PU NOITISOP NI DETAUCAVE HCNERT ER PERP ROF KCATTA.
BATTALION @ TAKE UP POSITION IN EVACUATED TRENCH PREPARE FOR ATTACK.
BOYLE DECIPHERS THE SECRET ENEMY CODE...

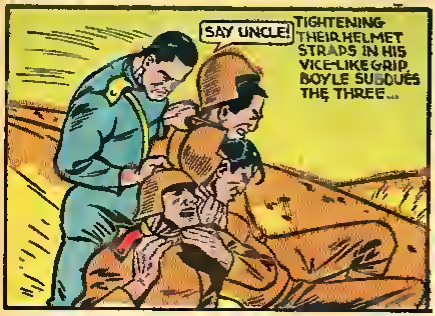

THIS IS A ONE MAN JOB, BOYS! WHEN I WHISTLE, GIVE IT THE WORKS!
SERGEANT BOYLE GOES INTO ACTION...

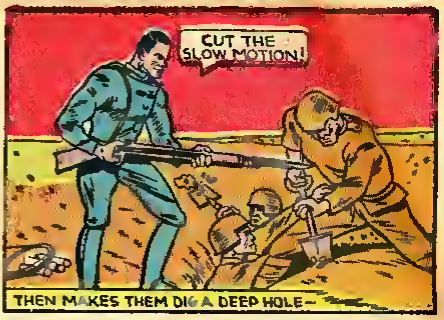

OH BOY! SOUNDS LIKE THE GERMAN ADVANCE GUARD
EIN!
ZWEI!
DREI!
IN NO-MAN'S LAND, HE HEARS ENEMY VOICES.

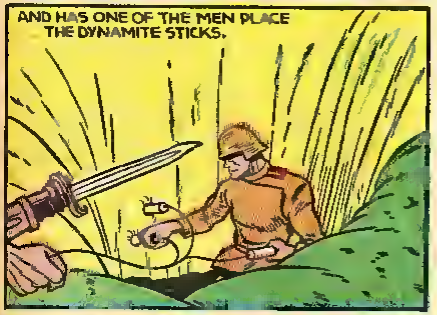

UNNOTICED, SERGEANT BOYLE DRAWS THE PIN FROM A GRENADE...

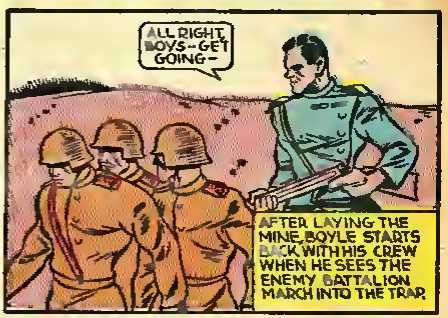

-AND DELIBERATELY HURLS IT OVER THEIR DUGOUT..

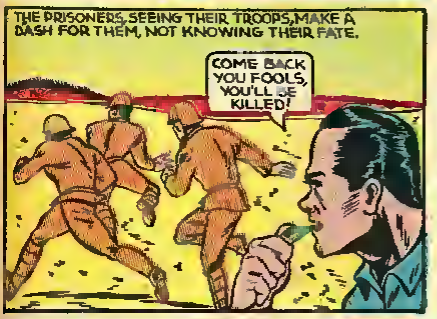

BOYLE BARGES IN AS THE ENEMY IS DISTRACTED BY THE BLAST...
5

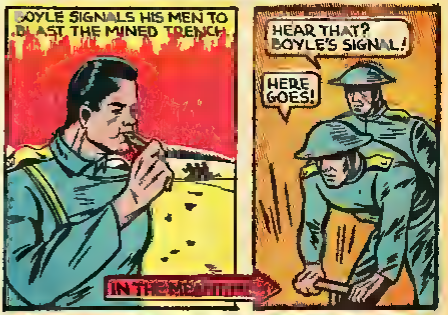

SAY UNCLE!
TIGHTENING THEIR HELMET STRAPS IN HIS VICE-LIKE GRIP, BOYLE SUBDUES THE THREE...

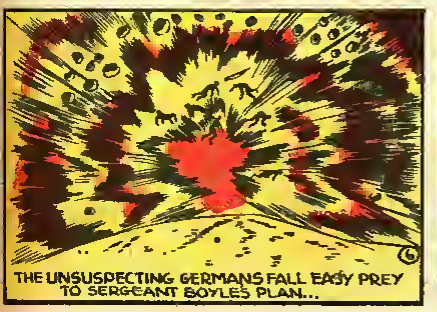

CUT THE SLOW MOTION!
THEN MAKES THEM DIG A DEEP HOLE—


AND HAS ONE OF THE MEN PLACE THE DYNAMITE STICKS.


ALL RIGHT, BOYS—GET GOING—
AFTER LAYING THE MINE, BOYLE STARTS BACK WITH HIS CREW WHEN HE SEES THE ENEMY BATTALION MARCH INTO THE TRAP.


THE PRISONERS, SEEING THEIR TROOPS, MAKE A DASH FOR THEM, NOT KNOWING THEIR FATE.
COME BACK YOU FOOLS, YOU'LL BE KILLED!

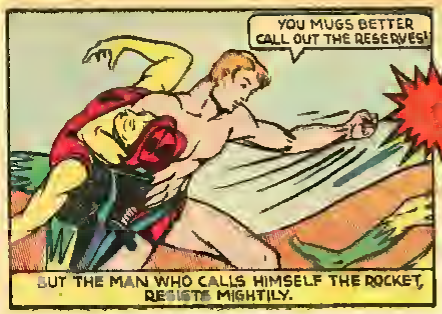

BOYLE SIGNALS HIS MEN TO BLAST THE MINED TRENCH
IN THE MEANTIME...
HEAR THAT? BOYLE'S SIGNAL!
HERE GOES!

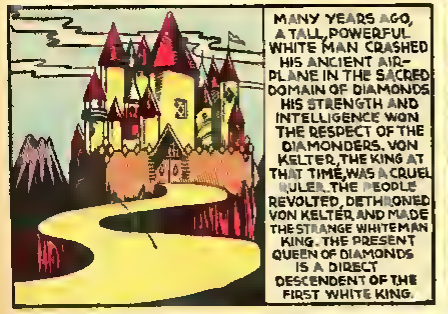

THE UNSUSPECTING GERMANS FALL EASY PREY TO SERGEANT BOYLE'S PLAN...

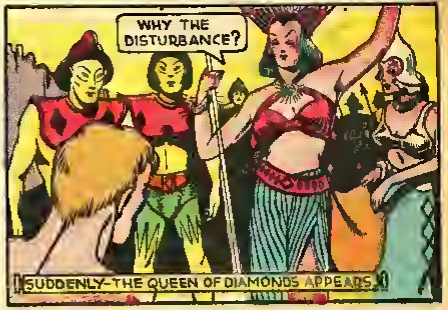
OUT ALL NIGHT EH, BOYLE—ANY TROUBLE OUT THERE?
NO TROUBLE AT ALL, SIR—EVERYTHING WAS QUIET...
LATER AT HEADQUARTERS...

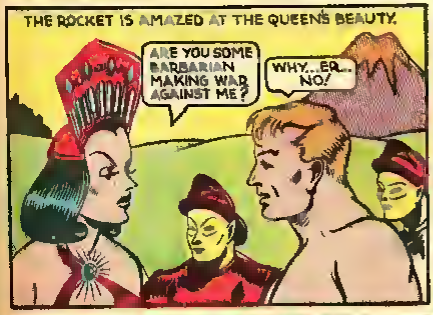
ANOTHER STARTLING ADVENTURE!!!
FEATURING SERGEANT BOYLE WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS!!!

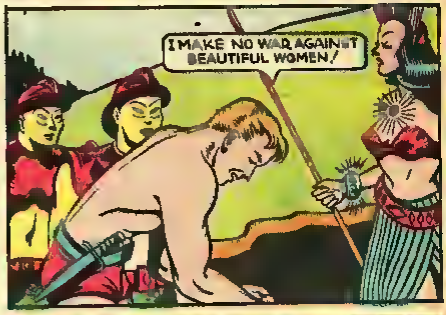
The QUEEN OF DIAMONDS
THE DIAMOND EMPIRE, HIDDEN WONDER OF THE WORLD, HOLDS ITS SECRETS BEHIND IMPASSABLE BARRIERS.
L. STREETER
...BUT ONE DAY COMES THE ROCKET—
THE SENTINELS SEE A STRANGE AIRCRAFT, JUST OVER THE MOUNTAIN BARRIER—IT IS OUT OF CONTROL.
THE PILOT'S STILL ALIVE, GET HIM OUT!
THE SHIP CRASHES IN THE CENTER OF THE CITY.....
WHO ARE YOU WHO STREAKS DOWN ON US LIKE A ROCKET?
THAT'S MY NAME "THE ROCKET." I COME FROM A FAR LAND.
THE ROCKET REFUSES TO REVEAL HIS REAL IDENTITY.
WE ALLOW NO STRANGERS IN THE DIAMOND EMPIRE!
I CAME BECAUSE I'VE HEARD OF THE GREAT BEAUTY OF YOUR QUEEN.
DOG! YOU DARE MENTION OUR QUEEN IN SUCH A FREE MANNER? MAKE HIM PRISONER
NO YOU DON'T! NOT WITHOUT A FIGHT!


YOU MUGS BETTER CALL OUT THE RESERVES!
BUT THE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE ROCKET, RESISTS MIGHTILY.

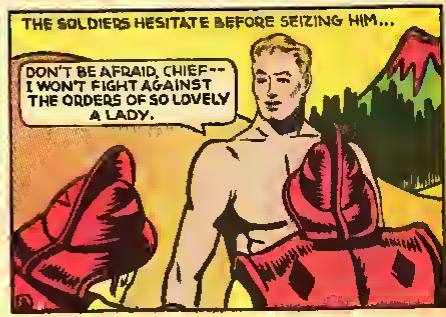

MANY YEARS AGO, A TALL, POWERFUL WHITE MAN CRASHED HIS ANCIENT AIRPLANE IN THE SACRED DOMAIN OF DIAMONDS. HIS STRENGTH AND INTELLIGENCE WON THE RESPECT OF THE DIAMONDERS. VON KELTER, THE KING AT THAT TIME, WAS A CRUEL RULER. THE PEOPLE REVOLTED, DETHRONED VON KELTER AND MADE THE STRANGE WHITE MAN KING. THE PRESENT QUEEN OF DIAMONDS IS A DIRECT DESCENDENT OF THE FIRST WHITE KING.


WHY THE DISTURBANCE?
SUDDENLY- THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS APPEARS.


THE ROCKET IS AMAZED AT THE QUEENS BEAUTY.
ARE YOU SOME BARBARIAN MAKING WAR AGAINST ME?
WHY...ER.. NO!

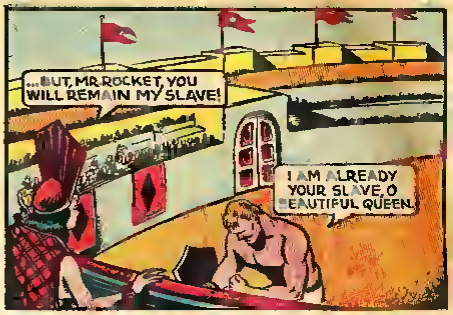

I MAKE NO WAR AGAINST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN!

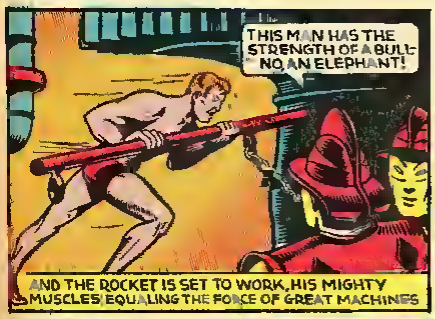
THE ROCKET'S REMARK ANGERS THE QUEEN...
INSOLENT ONE! I SHALL PUNISH YOU! SEIZE HIM AT ONCE!


THE SOLDIERS HESITATE BEFORE SEIZING HIM...
DON'T BE AFRAID, CHIEF-- I WON'T FIGHT AGAINST THE ORDERS OF SO LOVELY A LADY.

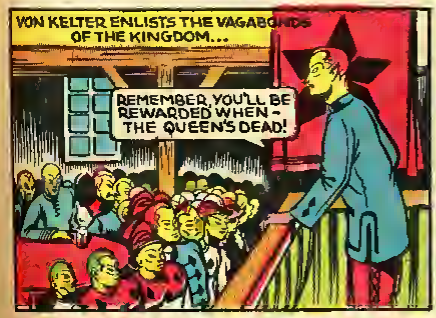
THIS VERY DAY I SHALL WATCH HIM FACE FEROCIOUS BEASTS IN THE ARENA!
IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO PERFORM FOR HER MAJESTY!
HE GOES WITH THEM PEACEFULLY.
DID THE DIAMOND EMPIRE EVER SEE A MAN SO INSOLENT?
NEVER-YOUR MAJESTY NOR ONE SO STRONG AND HANDSOME.
THE MIGHTY AMPHITHEATER, WHERE SUBJECTS OF THE QUEEN GATHER TO SEE GRIM SPORTS.
WELL, WELL-AN AFRICAN KITTY!
THE FATE OF THE CAPTIVE SEEMS ASSURED.
THE ROCKET MEETS THE LION'S VICIOUS CHARGE WITH A LEFT HOOK.....
HERE'S SOMETHING TO PURR ABOUT, CAT!
A MIGHTY BLOW DOWNS THE JUNGLE KING...
AND HERE'S ANOTHER..!
WAS THIS A PET OF YOURS, YOUR MAJESTY? GET ME ANOTHER ONE!
THE ROCKET CARRIES THE LIMP ANIMAL TO THE QUEEN.
3

YOU FIGHT WELL... I SPARE YOUR LIFE...
THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS IS FORCED TO ADMIRE THE STRANGER.

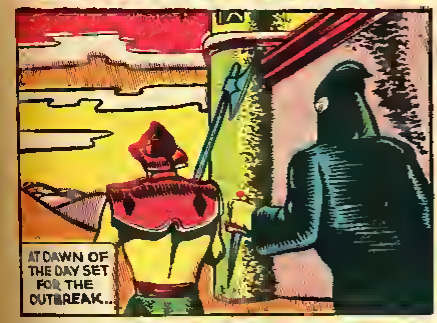

...BUT, MR. ROCKET, YOU WILL REMAIN MY SLAVE!
I AM ALREADY YOUR SLAVE, O BEAUTIFUL QUEEN.


THIS MAN HAS THE STRENGTH OF A BULL- NO, AN ELEPHANT!
AND THE ROCKET IS SET TO WORK, HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES EQUALING THE FORCE OF GREAT MACHINES

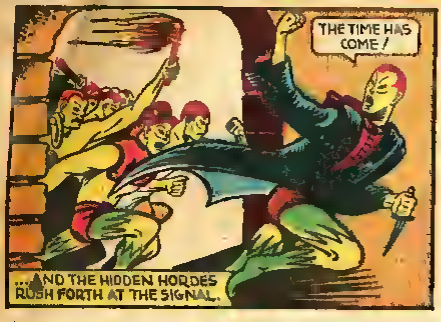
MEANWHILE.... MEMBERS OF THE VON KELTER CLAN, THE FAMILY OF NOBLES WHO RULED THE DIAMOND DOMAIN FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS BEFORE THE COMING OF THE FIRST WHITE KING, SECRETLY PLOT TO OVERTHROW THE PRESENT QUEEN'S REGIME. RADO VON KELTER, CRUEL AND VICIOUS LEADER OF THE CONSPIRATORS, DESIRES THE CROWN.
WE SHALL KILL THE QUEEN!
THEN YOU WILL RULE, VON KELTER.

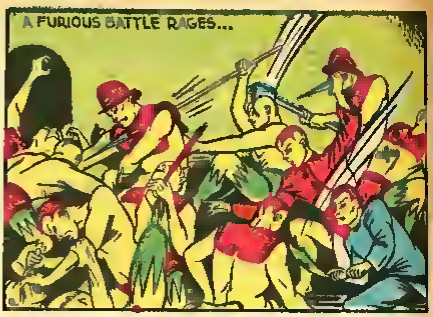

VON KELTER ENLISTS THE VAGABONDS OF THE KINGDOM...
REMEMBER, YOU'LL BE REWARDED WHEN - THE QUEEN'S DEAD!

-AND THE MURDERERS IN THE QUEEN'S PRISON-
YOU WILL BE SECRETLY SET FREE TO HELP US!

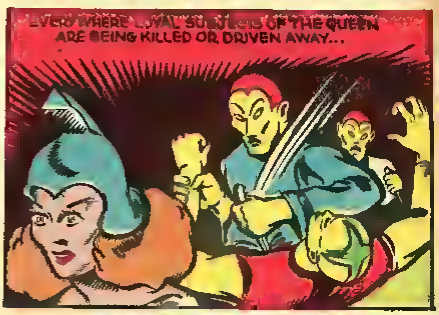

AT DAWN OF THE DAY SET FOR THE OUTBREAK...

TAKE THAT, FOOL!
THE CONSPIRATORS SNEAK UP ON THE LOYAL GUARD.

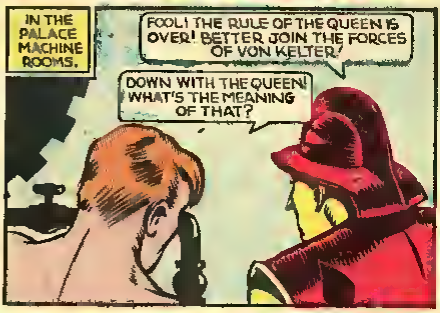

THE TIME HAS COME!
...AND THE HIDDEN HORDES RUSH FORTH AT THE SIGNAL.

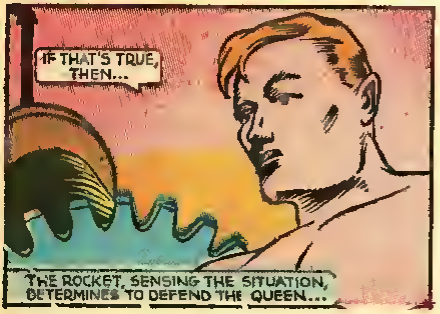

A FURIOUS BATTLE RAGES...

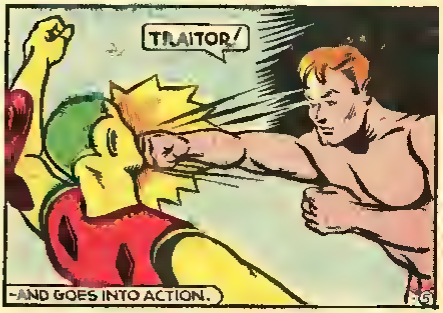
THE ROYAL GUARDS, OUTNUMBERED, ARE PREPARED TO DIE FIGHTING...

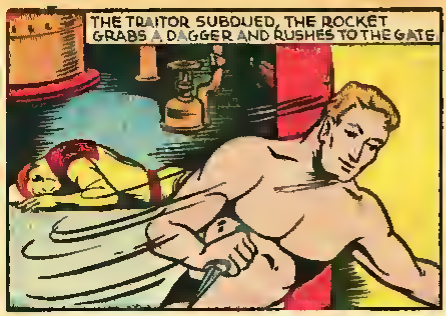

EVERYWHERE LOYAL SUBJECTS OF THE QUEEN ARE BEING KILLED OR DRIVEN AWAY...

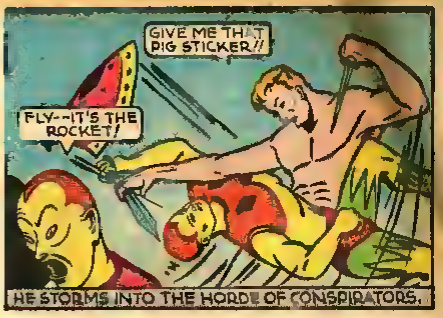
DOWN WITH THE QUEEN!

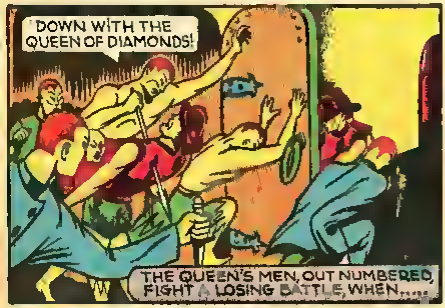

IN THE PALACE MACHINE ROOMS.
FOOL! THE RULE OF THE QUEEN IS OVER! BETTER JOIN THE FORCES OF VON KELTER!
DOWN WITH THE QUEEN! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THAT?

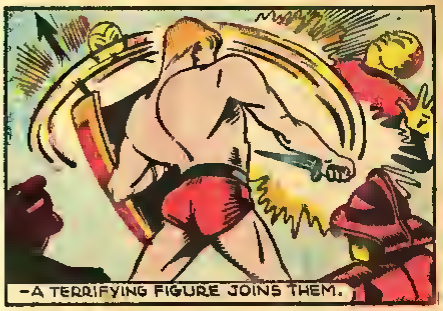

IF THAT'S TRUE, THEN...
THE ROCKET, SENSING THE SITUATION, DETERMINES TO DEFEND THE QUEEN...

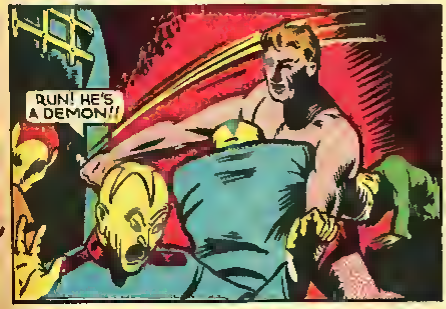

TRAITOR!
-AND GOES INTO ACTION.

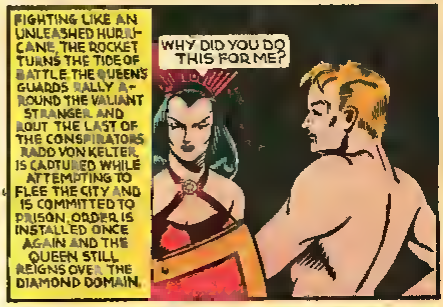

THE TRAITOR SUBDUED, THE ROCKET GRABS A DAGGER AND RUSHES TO THE GATE


GIVE ME THAT PIG STICKER!!
FLY--IT'S THE ROCKET!
HE STORMS INTO THE HORDE OF CONSPIRATORS.

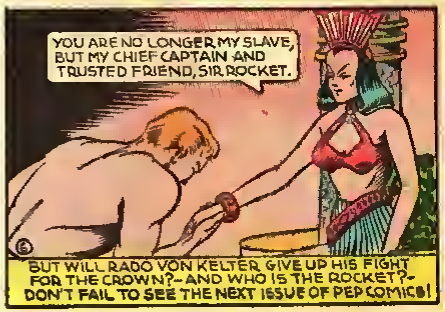

DOWN WITH THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS!
THE QUEEN'S MEN, OUT NUMBERED, FIGHT A LOSING BATTLE, WHEN.....

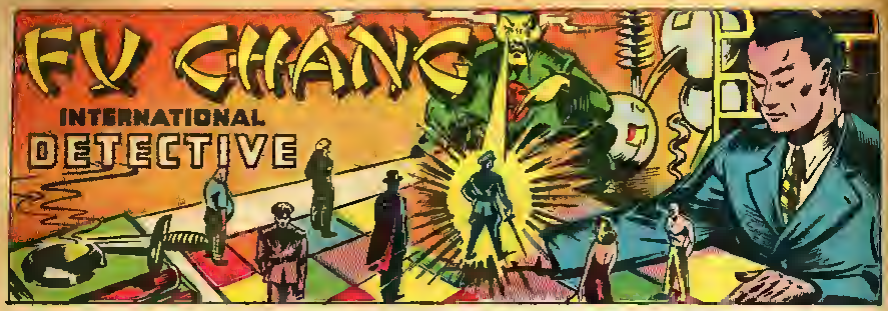

-A TERRIFYING FIGURE JOINS THEM.


RUN! HE'S A DEMON!!


FIGHTING LIKE AN UNLEASHED HURRICANE, THE ROCKET TURNS THE TIDE OF BATTLE. THE QUEEN'S GUARDS RALLY AROUND THE VALIANT STRANGER AND ROUT THE LAST OF THE CONSPIRATORS. RADO VON KELTER, IS CADTURED WHILE ATTEMPTING TO FLEE THE CITY AND IS COMMITTED TO PRISON. ORDER IS INSTALLED ONCE AGAIN AND THE QUEEN STILL REIGNS OVER THE DIAMOND DOMAIN.
WHY DID YOU DO THIS FOR ME?

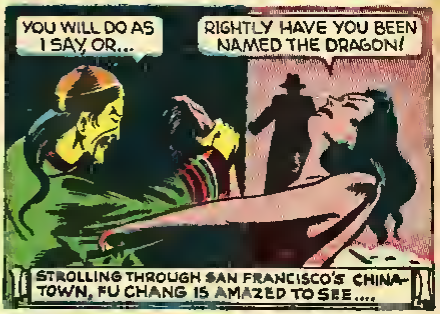
I WAS WILLING TO BE YOUR POOREST SLAVE, BUT NEVER TO SUBMIT TO COWARDLY TRAITORS!
IN THAT CASE...

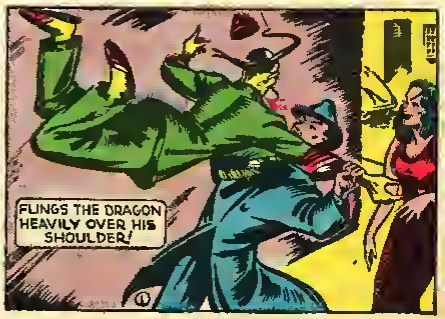

YOU ARE NO LONGER MY SLAVE, BUT MY CHIEF CAPTAIN AND TRUSTED FRIEND, SIR ROCKET.
BUT WILL RADO VON KELTER GIVE UP HIS FIGHT FOR THE CROWN?--AND WHO IS THE ROCKET?--DON'T FAIL TO SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS!



FU CHANG, AMERICAN UNIVERSITY-EDUCATED CHINAMAN, MAKES HIS HOME IN SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN.

BECAUSE OF HIS DEVOTION TO THE TEACHINGS OF THE CHINESE GODS AND BECAUSE HE HAS SWORN HIS LIFE TO AID THE OPPRESSED, SING PO, A FAMOUS MAGICIAN AND DIRECT DESCENDANT OF ALADDIN, UPON HIS DEATH HAD WILLED TO FU CHANG A SET OF MAGIC CHESSMEN. THESE CHESSMEN POSSESS ALL THE MAGIC POWERS OF ALADDIN'S LAMP AND ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR FU CHANG'S SPECTACULAR SOLUTIONS OF GREAT INTERNATIONAL MYSTERIES.





IT IS THE DEEP JOY OF THIS PERSON THAT HIS HUMBLE EFFORTS HAVE AIDED THE LOVELY TAY MING.
THE ILLUSTRIOUS FU CHANG MISUNDERSTOOD--THERE WAS NO TROUBLE--NO DANGER--
AND TAY MING FLEES IN CONFUSION, LEAVING HER RESCUER ALONE.
SHE IS IN PERIL THOUGH SHE SEEKS TO HIDE IT-WHY?
MINE IS THE POWER TO REVEAL THIS INJUSTICE!
LATER-IN A SECRET CELLAR IN THE HEART OF SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN..
..HE DONS HIS NATIVE GARB.
GREAT GOD OF MY FOREFATHERS-ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE WITH YOUR HELP!
3

ONCE AGAIN I SEEK TO DISCOVER AND RIGHT A SECRET WRONG!
FU CHANG TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE MAGIC CHESSMEN!
HIS CHOICE LIGHTS UPON ONE OF THE STRANGE LITTLE FIGURES...
I SUMMON THE WARRIOR TO HELP ME!
AND THEN THE GRAVEN IMAGE OF FU CHANG'S GOD STIRS AND AWAKENS!
LET IT BE AS FU CHANG DESIRES!
THE HAND OF THE GOD MOVES-
LIVE-AND SERVE FU CHANG!

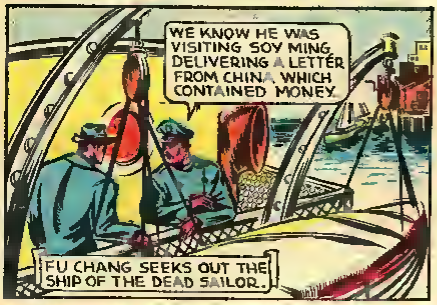
SO YOU HAVE BECOME REASONABLE?
WILL NOTHING SOFTEN YOUR HEART? MY--
MEANWHILE AT THE DRAGON'S HEADQUARTERS, A VISITOR ARRIVES.
YOUR FATHER, THE WEALTHY MERCHANT SOY MING, LIES IN JAIL, CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF A CHINESE SAILOR. I ALONE WITNESSED THE MURDER--
AND YOU WILL MARRY ME, OR I WILL GIVE THE EVIDENCE THAT WILL DOOM HIM!
I STILL HOPE TO BE SAVED! I FEEL THE PRESENCE OF A FRIENDLY POWER!
NOBODY CAN HEAR US IN THIS ROOM- NOT EVEN A BIRD COULD ENTER WITHOUT MY KNOWLEDGE!
BUT AS THE DRAGON BOASTS, A STRANGER INDEED OVERHEARS.
CHOOSE, TAY MING! AND DO NOT HOPE FOR HELP- NOT EVEN FU CHANG!
THE TINY SPY HAS HEARD ENOUGH, AND HEADS FOR HOME...
4

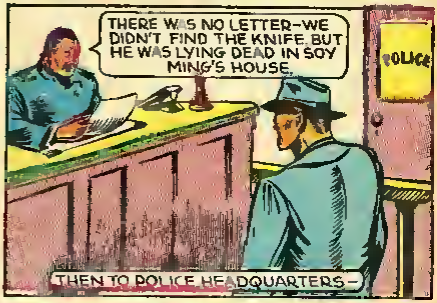
THE FACTS ARE NOW KNOWN ABOUT THE DRAGONS HOLD UPON TAY MING!
THE IDOL SPEAKS-

IF THE DRAGON WITNESSED THE MURDER, MIGHT HE NOT HAVE COMMITTED IT INSTEAD OF SOY MING?
FU CHANG NOW KNOWS THE DRAGON'S INTENTION AND MOTIVE, BUT CANNOT SEE HOW TO FORESTALL HIM.

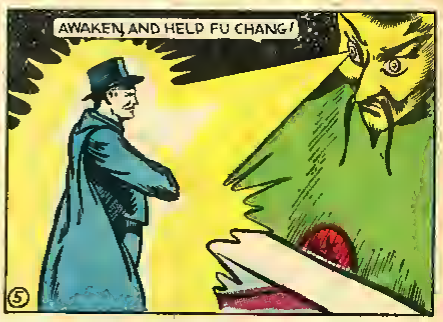
HERE, YOUNG ONE
READ ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF THE CHINESE SAILOR

EVENING TELEGRAM
PRICE 3¢
MONDAY
CHINESE SAILOR MURDERED
SEAMAN STABBED!
WEALTHY MERCHANT HELD-


WE KNOW HE WAS VISITING SOY MING, DELIVERING A LETTER FROM CHINA, WHICH CONTAINED MONEY.
FU CHANG SEEKS OUT THE SHIP OF THE DEAD SAILOR.


THERE WAS NO LETTER-WE DIDN'T FIND THE KNIFE, BUT HE WAS LYING DEAD IN SOY MING'S HOUSE.
POLICE
THEN TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS-

AGAIN GOD OF MY FOREFATHERS, GIVE ME A HELPER--ONE WITH ALL-SEEING EYES!
IT SHALL BE AS YOU WISH!
AND FINALLY, BACK TO HIS LAIR OF MAGIC


AWAKEN, AND HELP FU CHANG!
5

NOW TO PROVE IF MY GUESS IS CORRECT!
I COME TO PROVE THE BLACKNESS OF YOUR HEART!
AND INTO THE DRAGONS DEN HE BURSTS
YOU CAN PROVE NOTHING! LEAVE THIS PLACE AND TAKE THAT SILLY TOY-MAN WITH YOU.....
NOT SO FAST! MY TINY HELPER SEEMS TO TELL ME SOMETHING. LOOK!
YES! HE SAYS THAT YOU HAVE CONCEALED SOMETHING BEHIND THAT HANGING.
STAND BACK!!
CLIPPED ON THE CHIN BY FU CHANG, THE DRAGON GRABS THE CURTAIN FOR SUPPORT, EXPOSING THE LETTER AND MURDER WEAPON!
THIS IS THE MURDER WEAPON--AND THIS LETTER BROUGHT BY THE SAILOR TO SOY MING, CONTAINS MONEY. YOU ARE THE CULPRIT!
I CONFESS! I KILLED AND ROBBED THE SAILOR, AND HOPED TO FRIGHTEN TAY MING BY INCRIMINATING HER FATHER. DON'T HURT ME!
THIS EVIDENCE WILL FREE SOY MING- BUT HOW DID YOU UNCOVER IT?
SIMPLE DEDUCTION- AND HELP FROM GOOD FRIENDS...
HOW CAN I THANK THE ILLUSTRIOUS AND SUPERLATIVE FU CHANG?
BY ALLOWING ME TO SERVE TAY MING.
ANOTHER THRILLING FU CHANG ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS!

MURDERER'S BREW

BY WILL HARR

Through five blizzard torn hours, Dr. Frank Landry nursed his monoplane. He was a new, modern kind of backwoods doctor who used a plane to reach his far flung patients.

Landry banked and swooped low over a pine forest that he was barely able to distinguish through the swirling snow. Then he saw Pierre Ambot's cabin at the edge of the forest and mentally patted the instruments by which he had gauged his flying.

He set the plane down on a level portion of ground that he used every time he visited crabbed, old Pierre. The skis hit the snow, jarred the plane once and then settled down evenly as he taxied across the field. He shut off the motor, left his helmet and goggles on to help him walk through the blizzard and got out. He took his black bag and began to hike. It was about fifteen minutes march to the cabin.

As he neared it, he frowned. There was no spiral of smoke coming from the chimney and certainly Pierre wasn't abroad in this storm. Yet if he was inside—why not the spiral of smoke?

As he neared the cabin, he wiped snow off his goggles and saw that the door was partly open. Landry began running as best he could through the drifts. He flung the cabin door wide and gave a cry of horror. Someone had slit Pierre's throat from ear to ear!

The body was still warm, indicating that the crime was very recent for the intense cold would have long since cast the body in stiff lines of rigor mortis. Landry made a very brief examination and then hurried to a small shed at the rear of the cabin. As he expected, the cache of fine furs was gone.

Landry closed the door of the cabin, shielded his face against the wind whipped flakes of snow and set out due north. Chabot's cabin was scarcely a mile away and Landry wondered if he'd find the same grisly reception.

Upon reaching the cabin he shook off the mountain of snow which accumulated on his shoulders, then stepped inside.

Chabot leaped to his feet. "The good Doctor," he cried in genuine pleasure. "You 'ave been in trouble, no? Your plane she come down in the storm?"

"No," Landry answered, removing his coat. "I set her down near Ambot's cabin. He's dead—murdered—and his cache of furs has been stolen. Have you seen anything of strangers, Chabot?"

"No—nothing out of the way, docteur. But I have heard that two men prowl like wolves and prey on lonely trappers. Me—I would not like to see them for I have five thousand dollars worth of silver fox in my cache. You think they will come here?"

"I don't know," Landry said and rubbed his hands in front of the stove. "The fact that they struck so close to you—and such a short time ago, might make it wise to lock up."

"Yes—at once." Chabot removed a modern rifle from two pegs on the wall. He quickly pumped a shell into the firing chamber and then locked the door. As he turned away a sharp knock came on the door.

Chabot reached for the heavy cross bar to slide it back. There was a crash behind them. They turned swiftly and looked into the muzzle of a forty-five pistol that was thrust through the broken window. Behind it was a sharp featured man with a coonskin cap that almost covered his face.

"So," he snarled, "you were ready for us, no? That is too bad. Now open the door, but first—drop your guns—or my little pet will speak and you may not like her language."

Landry and Chabot let their weapons fall to the floor. Chabot slid back the bar and the door was thrust open by a chunky, grinning devil who held a rifle ready.

"I have them, Bolleau," he smiled thinly. "Come around to the door and enter. Ah—it is the Doctor with Chabot. Keep the hands up—like that, Chabot—I have heard you have fine furs this season, no?"

Chabot did not reply. The thin one called Bolleau entered after a few moments, shook the snow off his coat and unbuttoned it. He grinned at Chabot.

"The furs I have found, mon ami. Truly you are a great trapper. They will bring a good price at the settlement."

Denault, the second killer, sniffed the air and licked his lips. "Ah—there is food. We are hungry, Doctor—and you will prepare us food at once."

Landry snapped, "You can starve to death for all of me. I won't feed murderers."

"Then—maybe—the great Chabot will do it, yes? Bolleau—I leave it to you. See that we are fed."

Bolleau touched Chabot's throat with the point of a knife and the stinging pain seemed to set off the inferno within the trapper's heart. With a bellow of rage he swept his chair away, jabbed out one short armed blow that caught Bolleau just over the heart and sent him reeling backward.

Instantly the other killer swung his rifle around and fired pointblank. Chabot stopped in his mad rush, doubled up and grasped his stomach like a man afflicted with acute indigestion. Then his thick legs slowly buckled under him and he slid to the floor without a sound.

Denault swung his rifle toward Landry. "You will prepare the food," the killer snarled. "Or would you prefer to dine on a dinner of lead, Doctor?"

Landry didn't answer. He sliced chunks of bacon, threw them into a pan and then mixed corn meal. Finally he served the food and the two men wolfed it.

"I'm going to look at Chabot," Landry said. "He hasn't made a sound since you shot him. He may be dead."

"So," Denault growled, "that is nothing to me. But you are the Doctor. See for yourself. If he is not dead—then I will slit his throat!"

Landry's lips went tight, but he turned away. The two killers watched him narrowly as he knelt beside Chabot and gently raised him. Chabot groaned and opened his eyes, but a moment later he lapsed back into unconsciousness again.

Landry arose. "I'm going to give him a drink of whiskey," he said. "It will warm him—perhaps rouse him from the stupor."

"Whiskey?" Denault's eyes flashed. "But whiskey is better for healthy men, Doctor. Get it at once!"

Landry opened his kit and removed a bottle. Boileau stepped up and snatched it, slapping the doctor across the face with the back of his hand as he did so. Landry tensed to spring but Denault swung his gun menacingly. The two killers finished the whiskey and hurled the empty bottle into a corner.

Then Bolleau turned to Landry. "Because of your hospitality we have decided not to kill you," he said with a crooked smile. "But of course we tie you up so you cannot run to the Mounties."

As he finished talking, he tripped Landry and swept down on him before he could arise. He tied his wrists and ankles and then doubled him up cruelly by passing a rope around his neck and drawing it tight beneath his knees. Denault nodded his approval. Bolleau hummed a French tune as he tied the unconscious Chabot.

Denault dumped a pail of water on the burning wood in the stove, extinguishing the fire completely. He opened the cabin door, shoved a thin piece of wood under it so that there was no chance of its closing accidentally. He turned around in the doorway and bowed.

"Goodbye, Doctor. It may be chilly here, but at least you cannot say we were unmerciful."

Landry gritted his teeth in anger. Denault laughed, called to Bolleau who was busy stowing Chabot's furs on a dog sled. Landry heard Denault sing out to the dogs and they were off.

Landry inched his way to where his medicine kit rested on a chair. He knocked the chair over and the contents of the bag spilled out. He found a keen scalpel, but the position of his wrists prevented him from using it on his own ropes. He had to awaken Chabot somehow.

He rolled over until he was able to clasp a bottle of ammonia. He inched his way to Chabot's side, then worked the cork of the bottle free. He raised himself up a little and dropped the bottle of ammonia on the trapper's chest.

Not able to saw his own bonds with the scalpel, Landry managed to cut through the ropes which held Chabot. Chabot coughed and stirred as the fumes spread. His eyes opened.

"Chabot," Landry said softly. "You must get me free so that I can save you. Take this knife, hold it firmly and cut—cut, Chabot!"

The trapper obeyed clumsily, slowly. As the blade slit through the last strand of rope, Chabot lapsed back into unconsciousness.

Landry tore the ropes from around him. He arose, chafed his wrists a moment and then lifted Chabot to the table. He made a fire, heated water and scrubbed. Thirty minutes later he rolled down his shirt cuffs. Chabot was awake now and feeling better. Landry held a bullet between his fingers.

"Dug it out, all right," he told Chabot. "You're weak from loss of blood. If I can get you to my plane—"

"Near Ambot's cabin?" Chabot sighed. "You cannot carry me that far, Doctor. I am heavy—two hundred and thirty pounds."

"A dog sled will do it," Landry said. "I'll go get one."

He drew on his coat, helmet and goggles. He picked up Chabot's rifle, waved to him and vanished through the door.

"The good Doctor has gone mad," Chabot said. "There is no dog sled within a hundred miles. He cannot land his plane any closer to my cabin than it is now. I am doomed and he has gone crazy!"

Then Chabot heard Landry's voice sing out a command to the dogs and one of them yelped. A few moments and Landry pulled up, riding the runners of a dog sled. Crammed into the sled itself was Denault and Bolleau, both covered with bales of fur. Landry came in and grinned at Chabot.

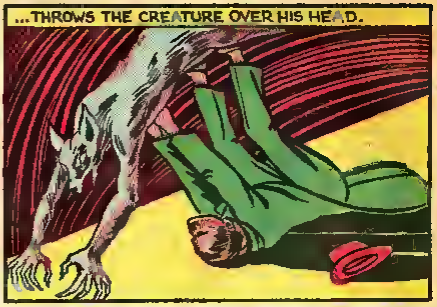
"Our two murdering friends will remain here while I take you to the nearest post. Then I will send the Mounties for them."

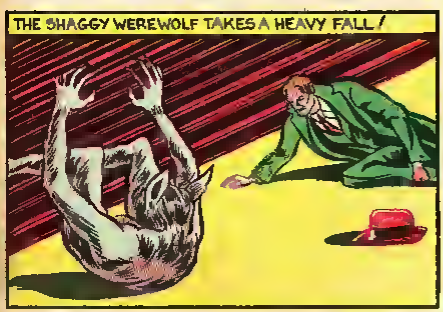
"But," Chabot cried in astonishment. "It is their own sled. Why did they stop? Why did they not shoot you?"

Landry was busy tying the two men up. "They were fast asleep, Chabot. That bottle of whiskey did the trick. It was Ambot's medicine. He refused to take medicine for his insomnia, and so I put a sleeping potion in the whiskey. One ounce was Ambot's dose, but these killers finished off the whole bottle. I knew that before they got far they would fall asleep. My medicine became—a murderer's brew!"

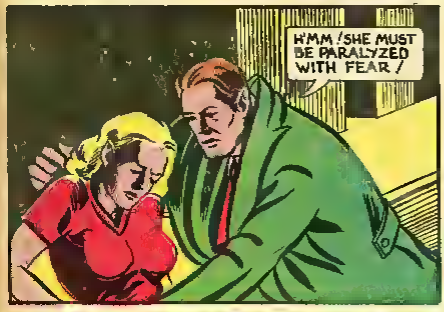
BENTLEY
OF
SCOTLAND YARD
IN LONDON THE NIGHT WAS CLEAR AND CALM-
AND NOBODY WAS PREPARED FOR THE
MAYFAIR MONSTER.
AS BRENDA JOYCE WALKS DOWN A QUIET STREET, THE HIDEOUS FIGURE OF A WEREWOLF SNEAKS UP BEHIND HER.
WITHOUT WARNING, THE MONSTER STRIKES!
LET GO OF THAT GIRL!
BUT BEFORE IT CAN STRIKE A DEATH BLOW, BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD APPEARS ON THE SCENE.
ENRAGED, THE MONSTER TURNS ON BENTLEY.
BENTLEY BRINGS HIS HEAVY CANE CRASHING DOWN ON THE HEAD OF THE MONSTER, BUT IT BREAKS IN TWO.
CLANG
WITH A ROAR OF RAGE THE MONSTER SPRINGS AT BENTLEY.

BENTLEY DIGS HIS FOOT INTO THE MONSTER'S STOMACH AND...

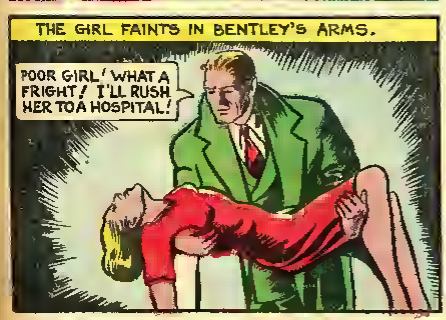

...THROWS THE CREATURE OVER HIS HEAD.

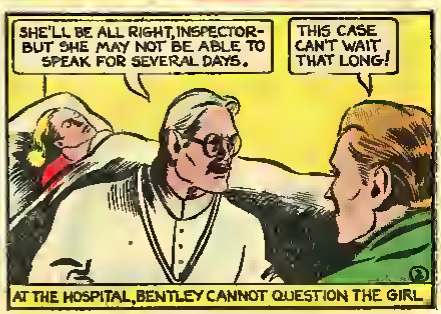

THE SHAGGY WEREWOLF TAKES A HEAVY FALL!

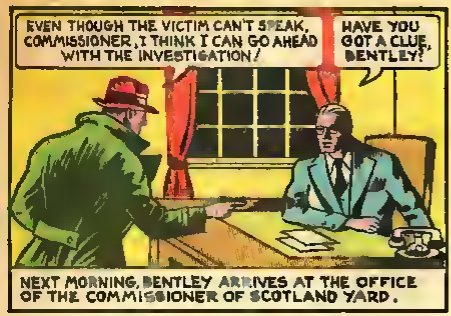
HURT AND BEATEN, THE MONSTER SLINKS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT.

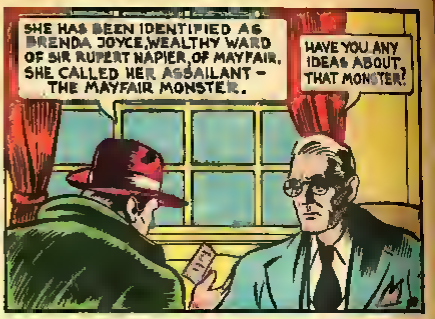

HMM! SHE MUST BE PARALYZED WITH FEAR!

DON'T BE ALARMED. I'M A POLICE OFFICER - INSPECTOR BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD.
IT - IT WAS THE MAYFAIR MONSTER!

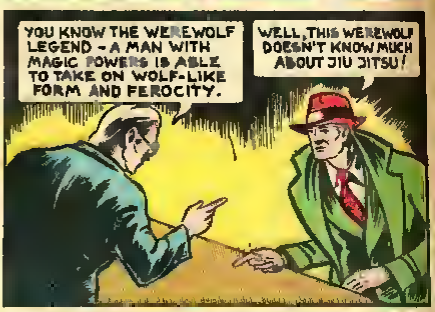

THE GIRL FAINTS IN BENTLEY'S ARMS.
POOR GIRL! WHAT A FRIGHT! I'LL RUSH HER TO A HOSPITAL!

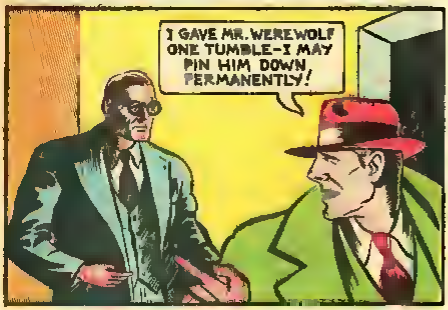

SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, INSPECTOR - BUT SHE MAY NOT BE ABLE TO SPEAK FOR SEVERAL DAYS.
THIS CASE CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG!
AT THE HOSPITAL, BENTLEY CANNOT QUESTION THE GIRL.


EVEN THOUGH THE VICTIM CAN'T SPEAK, COMMISSIONER, I THINK I CAN GO AHEAD WITH THE INVESTIGATION!
HAVE YOU GOT A CLUE, BENTLEY?
NEXT MORNING, BENTLEY ARRIVES AT THE OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER OF SCOTLAND YARD.


SHE HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS BRENDA JOYCE, WEALTHY WARD OF SIR RUPERT NAPIER, OF MAYFAIR. SHE CALLED HER ASSAILANT – THE MAYFAIR MONSTER.
HAVE YOU ANY IDEAS ABOUT THAT MONSTER!

YES – THE CLUE IS THAT I BROKE MY STICK OVER ITS HEAD WITHOUT HURTING IT!
SOUNDS LIKE A WEREWOLF!


YOU KNOW THE WEREWOLF LEGEND – A MAN WITH MAGIC POWERS IS ABLE TO TAKE ON WOLF-LIKE FORM AND FEROCITY.
WELL, THIS WEREWOLF DOESN'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT JIU JITSU!


I GAVE MR. WEREWOLF ONE TUMBLE – I MAY PIN HIM DOWN, PERMANENTLY!

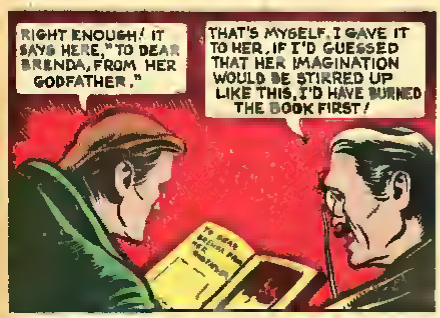
YES, THIS IS SIR RUPERT'S RESIDENCE. WHO SHALL I SAY IS CALLING, SIR?
INSPECTOR BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD.
BENTLEY SEEKS OUT SIR RUPERT NAPIER'S TOWN HOUSE IN THE HEART OF THE EXCLUSIVE MAYFAIR DISTRICT.

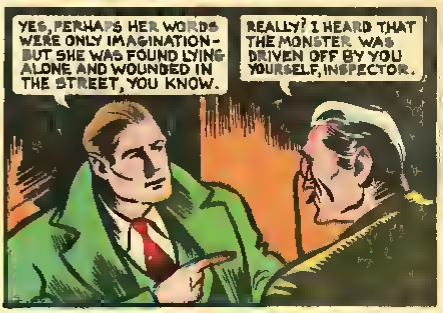
JOLLY GLAD YOU CAME, INSPECTOR. HAVE YOU ANY NEWS OF MY POORWARD, BRENDA?
SHE IS AT THE HOSPITAL, DOING WELL, SIR RUPERT!

SHE SAID SOMETHING BEFORE SHE FAINTED – SOMETHING ABOUT A MAYFAIR MONSTER.

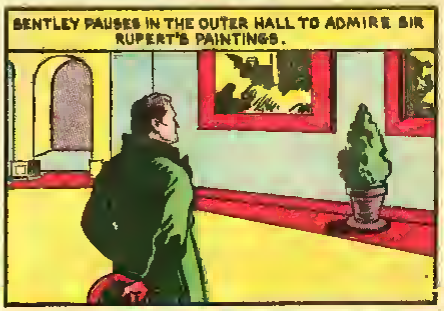
MAYFAIR MONSTER? FANTASTIC!
QUITE SO - FANTASTIC! -AND THIS CURIOUS OLD BOOK..?
BENTLEY TAKES A BOOK FROM THE LIBRARY SHELF.

I SAY, THIS IS A BOOK OF LEGENDS. SEE, HERE'S A CHAPTER ABOUT THE WEREWOLF!
YES, MY WARD'S BOOK. SHE STUDIES SUCH THINGS.


RIGHT ENOUGH! IT SAYS HERE, "TO DEAR BRENDA, FROM HER GODFATHER."
THAT'S MYSELF. I GAVE IT TO HER. IF I'D GUESSED THAT HER IMAGINATION WOULD BE STIRRED UP LIKE THIS, I'D HAVE BURNED THE BOOK FIRST!


YES, PERHAPS HER WORDS WERE ONLY IMAGINATION - BUT SHE WAS FOUND LYING ALONE AND WOUNDED IN THE STREET, YOU KNOW.
REALLY? I HEARD THAT THE MONSTER WAS DRIVEN OFF BY YOU YOURSELF, INSPECTOR.

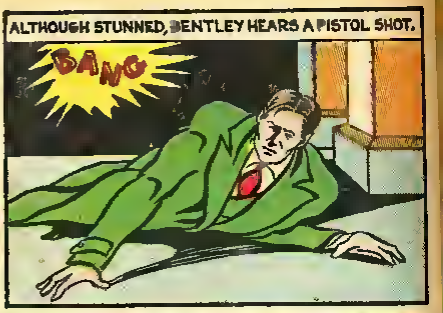
NO - IT WAS ONLY AN IDLE RUMOR, SIR RUPERT. SHE WAS FOUND AFTER THE MONSTER WAS GONE. I MUST GO NOW.


BENTLEY PAUSES IN THE OUTER HALL TO ADMIRE SIR RUPERT'S PAINTINGS.

A MOVEMENT BEHIND HIM CAUSES HIM TO TURN SUDDENLY AND SEE...

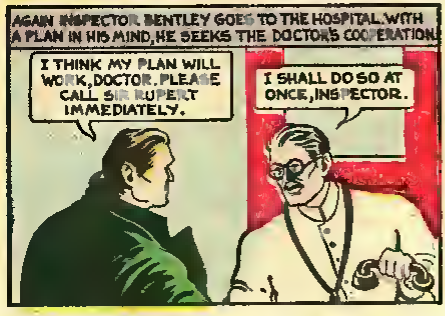
...THE HORRIBLE MONSTER CHARGING DOWN ON HIM.
4

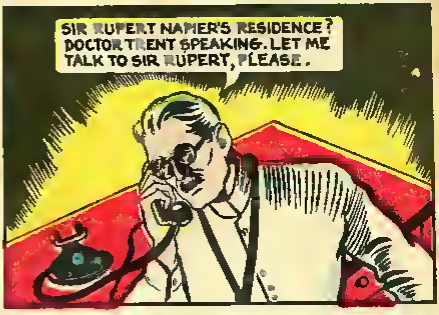
THE MONSTER DOWNS THE INSPECTOR WITH A BLOW.


ALTHOUGH STUNNED, BENTLEY HEARS A PISTOL SHOT.
BANG

INSPECTOR BENTLEY, ARE YOU BADLY HURT?
I DON'T THINK SO. WHAT BECAME OF THE MONSTER?
...AND A MOMENT LATER, SIR RUPERT APPEARS AND KNEELS OVER THE INSPECTOR.

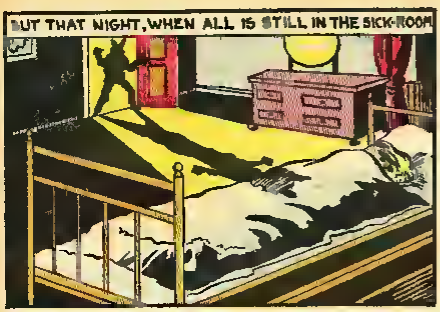
I JUST HAPPENED TO FOLLOW YOU INTO THE HALL. I SAW THE ATTACK AND DROVE THE THING AWAY BY SHOOTING.
SAY NOTHING OF THE MATTER JUST NOW, SIR RUPERT. THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP!


AGAIN INSPECTOR BENTLEY GOES TO THE HOSPITAL WITH A PLAN IN HIS MIND, HE SEEKS THE DOCTOR'S COOPERATION.
I THINK MY PLAN WILL WORK, DOCTOR. PLEASE CALL SIR RUPERT IMMEDIATELY.
I SHALL DO SO AT ONCE, INSPECTOR.

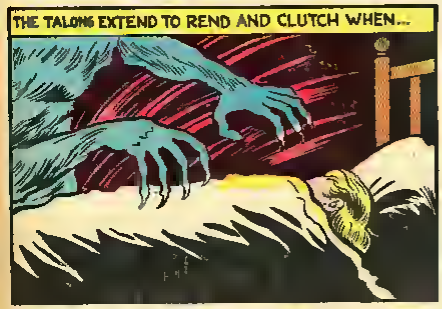

SIR RUPERT NAPIER'S RESIDENCE? DOCTOR TRENT SPEAKING. LET ME TALK TO SIR RUPERT, PLEASE.

WE'RE SENDING MISS BRENDA HOME TO YOU. SHE IS FEELING MUCH BETTER!
THANK YOU, DOCTOR. THAT IS VERY GRATIFYING!

THAT SAME EVENING--AT SIR RUPERT'S HOME...
SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, SIR RUPERT--BUT DON'T DISTURB HER TONIGHT.
I SHALL GUARD HER MYSELF, DOCTOR!

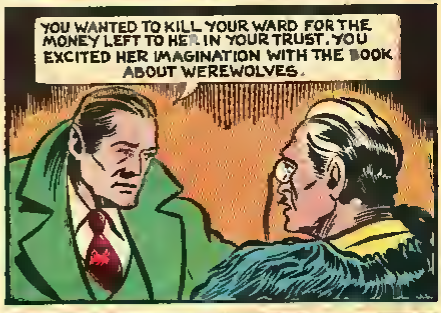

BUT THAT NIGHT, WHEN ALL IS STILL IN THE SICK-ROOM

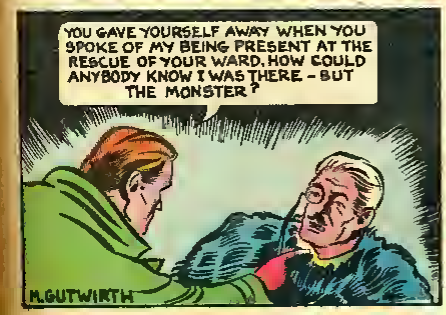
...THE MONSTER APPEARS TO CLAIM ITS VICTIM!

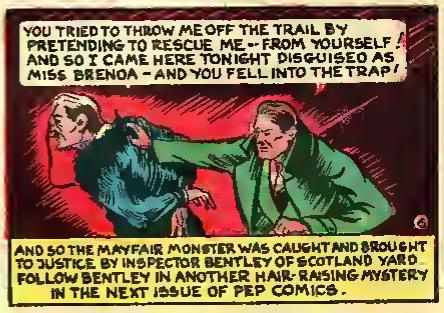

THE TALONS EXTEND TO REND AND CLUTCH WHEN...

SUDDENLY A WIG COMES OFF IN THE MONSTER'S HAND, AND BENTLEY SPRINGS NIMBLY OUT OF THE BED!
STAND WHERE YOU ARE- YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU, SIR RUPERT/ THIS IRON MASK BROKE MY CANE AND GAVE ME THE CLUE THAT IT WAS A FAKE HEAD!


YOU WANTED TO KILL YOUR WARD FOR THE MONEY LEFT TO HER IN YOUR TRUST. YOU EXCITED HER IMAGINATION WITH THE BOOK ABOUT WEREWOLVES.

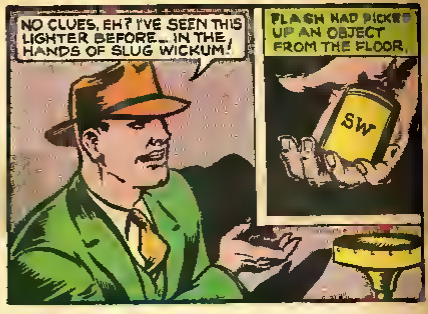

YOU GAVE YOURSELF AWAY WHEN YOU SPOKE OF MY BEING PRESENT AT THE RESCUE OF YOUR WARD. HOW COULD ANYBODY KNOW I WAS THERE - BUT THE MONSTER?
M.GUTWIRTH

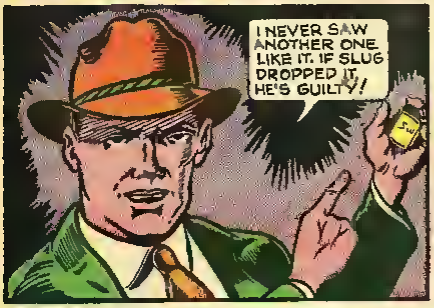

YOU TRIED TO THROW ME OFF THE TRAIL BY PRETENDING TO RESCUE ME -- FROM YOURSELF! AND SO I CAME HERE TONIGHT DISGUISED AS MISS BRENDA - AND YOU FELL INTO THE TRAP!
AND SO THE MAYFAIR MONSTER WAS CAUGHT AND BROUGHT TO JUSTICE BY INSPECTOR BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD
FOLLOW BENTLEY IN ANOTHER HAIR-RAISING MYSTERY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS.

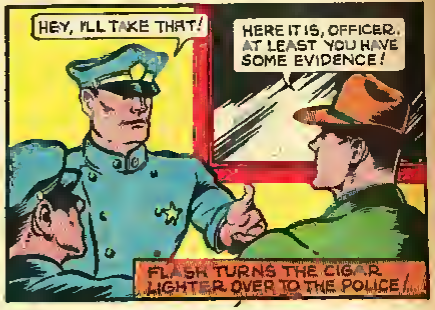
JACK DEMPSEY

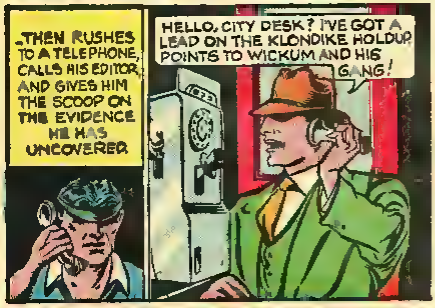
THE DAILY EXPRESS
BY JACK BINDER
KLONDIKE CAFE ROBBED!
SLUG WICKUM'S GANG SUSPECTED!
PREVIEW
THE DAILY TATTLER
CALL ME "SLUG"
GANGSTER CHIEF'S CIGAR-LIGHTER FOUND AT SCENE OF CRIME!
BY FLASH CALVERT
THE PRESS GUARDIAN, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE FALCON, AIDS THE DAILY EXPRESS IN ITS EFFORTS TO RID CENTRAL CITY OF GANGSTERS. THINGS ARE QUIET FOR AWHILE, BUT ONE DAY CITY EDITOR JIM BOYD GETS A TIP ON A VERY SENSATIONAL STORY.
HELLO—YEAH? I'LL SEND A MAN OVER AT ONCE!
THE EDITOR CALLS IN FLASH CALVERT, THE ACE REPORTER...
WHAT'S UP, CHIEF?
A GANG HELD UP THE KLONDIKE CAFE, FLASH! GET OVER THERE AND PHONE IN THE FACTS FOR AN EXTRA.
FLASH HOPS INTO HIS CAR AND DASHES TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.
THE DAILY EXPRESS
HEY, YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!
LET HIM GO.. HE'S FLASH CALVERT, THE REPORTER.
ARRIVING AT THE KLONDIKE CAFE, FLASH IS STOPPED AT THE DOOR BY A POLICEMAN.

WHAT HAPPENED? GIVE ME THE DOPE, MISTER!
FOUR MASKED MEN ROBBED AND SHOT ME- LEFT NO CLUES!
FLASH INTERVIEWS THE OWNER OF THE CAFE.

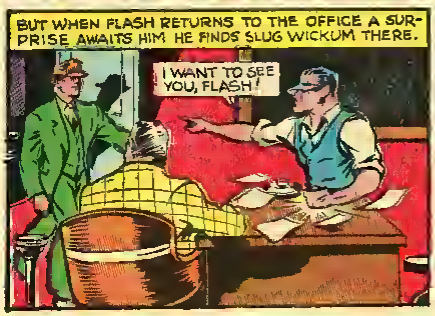

NO CLUES, EH? I'VE SEEN THIS LIGHTER BEFORE... IN THE HANDS OF SLUG WICKUM!
FLASH HAD PICKED UP AN OBJECT FROM THE FLOOR.
SW


I NEVER SAW ANOTHER ONE LIKE IT. IF SLUG DROPPED IT, HE'S GUILTY!


HEY, I'LL TAKE THAT!
HERE IT IS, OFFICER. AT LEAST YOU HAVE SOME EVIDENCE!
FLASH TURNS THE CIGAR LIGHTER OVER TO THE POLICE!

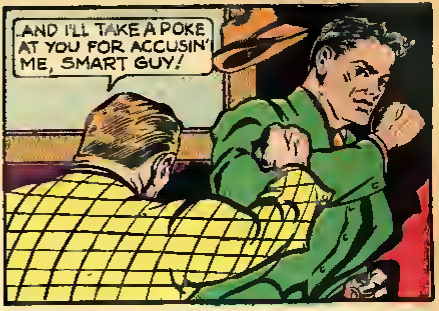

...THEN RUSHES TO A TELEPHONE, CALLS HIS EDITOR, AND GIVES HIM THE SCOOP ON THE EVIDENCE HE HAS UNCOVERED
HELLO, CITY DESK? I'VE GOT A LEAD ON THE KLONDIKE HOLDUP. POINTS TO WICKUM AND HIS GANG!

EXTRA
WICKUM ACCUSED OF HOLDUP!
WITHIN TEN MINUTES, AN EXTRA APPEARS ON THE STREET. HEADLINES SCREAM THE STORY OF SLUG WICKUM'S COMPLICITY IN THE CASE.


BUT WHEN FLASH RETURNS TO THE OFFICE A SURPRISE AWAITS HIM. HE FINDS SLUG WICKUM THERE.
I WANT TO SEE YOU, FLASH!

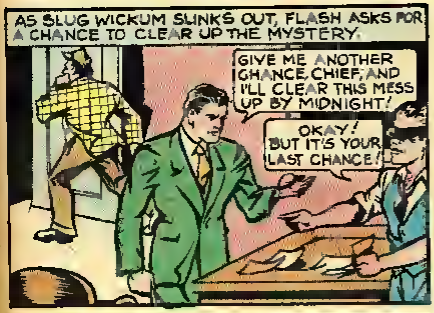
SLUG WICKUM JUST SHOWED ME HIS CIGAR LIGHTER... HE DIDN'T LOSE IT, YOU LUG-HEAD! YOU'RE FIRED!

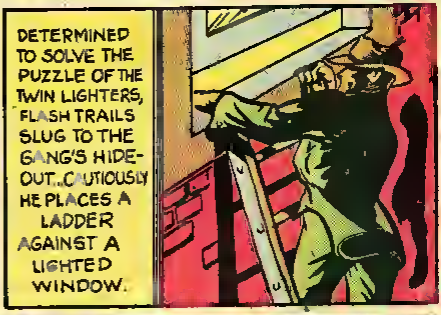
HERE IT IS—BEEN IN MY POCKET ALL THE TIME!
..BUT IT'S JUST LIKE THE ONE I FOUND!

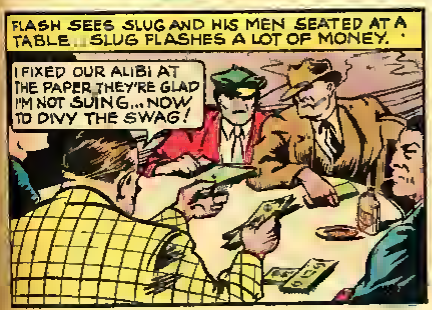

..AND I'LL TAKE A POKE AT YOU FOR ACCUSIN' ME, SMART GUY!

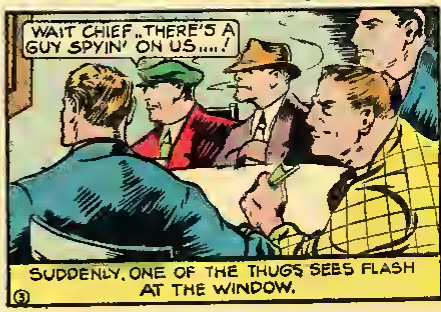
WELL, AS LONG AS I'M FIRED... TAKE THIS..!

AND HERE IS ONE FOR GOOD MEASURE!

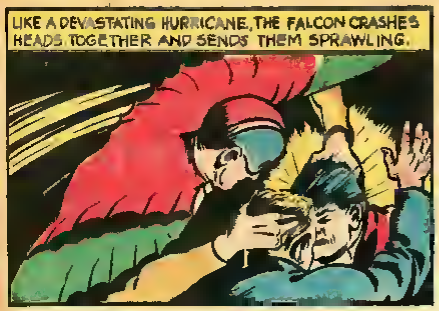

AS SLUG WICKUM SLINKS OUT, FLASH ASKS FOR A CHANCE TO CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY.
GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE, CHIEF, AND I'LL CLEAR THIS MESS UP BY MIDNIGHT!
OKAY! BUT IT'S YOUR LAST CHANCE!


DETERMINED TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE OF THE TWIN LIGHTERS, FLASH TRAILS SLUG TO THE GANG'S HIDE-OUT. CAUTIOUSLY HE PLACES A LADDER AGAINST A LIGHTED WINDOW.


FLASH SEES SLUG AND HIS MEN SEATED AT A TABLE.. SLUG FLASHES A LOT OF MONEY.
I FIXED OUR ALIBI AT THE PAPER. THEY'RE GLAD I'M NOT SWING... NOW TO DIVY THE SWAG!


WAIT CHIEF.. THERE'S A GUY SPYIN' ON US....!
SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE THUGS SEES FLASH AT THE WINDOW.

IN A SURPRISE MOVE, THE GANGSTERS GRAB FLASH AND DRAG HIM INTO THE ROOM.
THE SMART REPORTER, HUH? TRYIN' TO GET SOMETHING ON ME!
YES... AND NOW I'M SURE THAT YOU AND YOUR MOB HELD UP THE KLONDIKE CAFE!
OKAY.. SO I HELD UP THE KLONDIKE! BUT YOU WON'T LIVE TO PRINT IT IN THE DAILY EXPRESS!
WHILE SLUG IS TALKING, A SINISTER FIGURE LURKS IN THE SHADOWS OF THE GANGS DEN. IT IS THE FALCON.. THE GUARDIAN OF THE PRESS
LOOK, CHIEF!
GET 'EM UP, YA SNOOP!
THE FALCON DOES NOT TAKE ORDERS, HE GIVES THEM!
C'MON BOYS, LET'S TIE HIM UP, TOO!
THE GANGSTERS MAKE A RUSH FOR THE FALCON.
..BUT HE EXPLODES INTO ACTION WITH HANDS AND FEET MOVING WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, HE SMASHES INTO THE GANGSTERS BOWLING THEM OVER RIGHT AND LEFT.

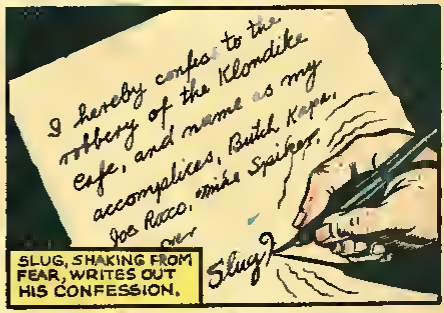

LIKE A DEVASTATING HURRICANE, THE FALCON CRASHES HEADS TOGETHER AND SENDS THEM SPRAWLING.

WITH HAMMER-LIKE BLOWS, THE FALCON DOWNS THE REMAINING GANGSTERS.

YOU'RE THE CAUSE OF THIS...I'M GOIN' TO FINISH YOU!
SLUG WICKUM SNEAKS UP ON FLASH...GUN IN HAND.

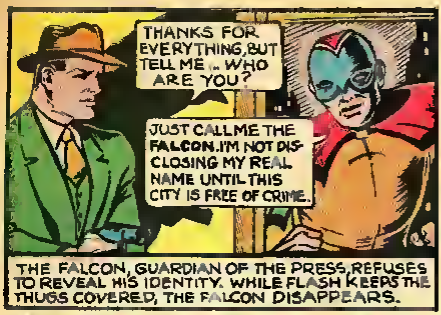
..BUT WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE FALCON SWOOPS DOWN ON HIM, AND KNOCKS THE GUN FROM HIS HAND. BEFORE SLUG CAN GET AWAY, THE FALCON BEATS HIM UNMERCIFULLY UNTIL....

YOU'RE GOING TO WRITE OUT A FULL CONFESSION!
YES/YES! I'LL DO IT!
..THE GANGSTER CHIEF, THOROUGHLY WHIPPED, BEGS FOR MERCY. THE FALCON TELLS HIM THAT ONLY BY SIGNING A FULL CONFESSION CAN HE HOPE TO GET MERCY FROM THE PRESS GUARDIAN.

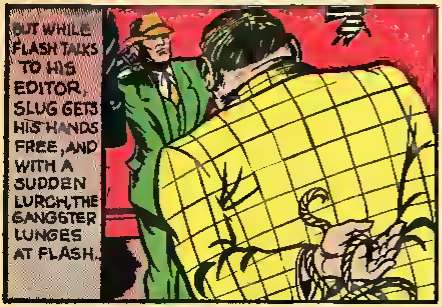

I hereby confess to the robbery of the Klondike safe, and name as my accomplices, Butch Kapp, Joe Rocco, Mike Spiker,
over
Slug?
SLUG, SHAKING FROM FEAR, WRITES OUT HIS CONFESSION.

ALL RIGHT, SLUG, NOW UNTIE THIS MAN!
THE FALCON ORDERS SLUG TO UNTIE FLASH. WHEN FREE, FLASH PROCEEDS TO TIE UP EACH OF THE MOBSTERS.

OKAY, REPORTER, HERE ARE YOUR PRISONERS, AND YOU'VE GOT THE CONFESSION. NOW CALL THE POLICE!

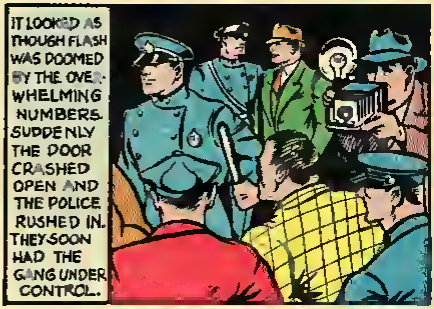

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, BUT TELL ME .. WHO ARE YOU?
JUST CALL ME THE FALCON. I'M NOT DISCLOSING MY REAL NAME UNTIL THIS CITY IS FREE OF CRIME.
THE FALCON, GUARDIAN OF THE PRESS, REFUSES TO REVEAL HIS IDENTITY. WHILE FLASH KEEPS THE THUGS COVERED, THE FALCON DISAPPEARS.

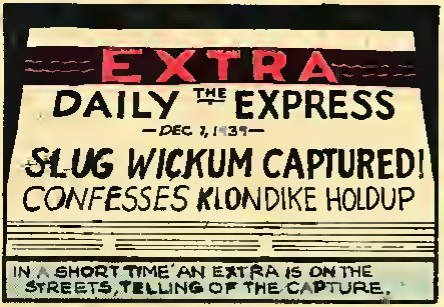
HELLO, CITY DESK? FLASH SPEAKING I'VE GOT THE KLONDIKE ROBBERS, RUSH SOME PHOTOGRAPHERS, AND SEND A FLOCK OF COPS.

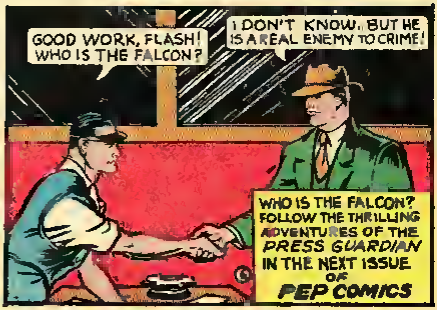

BUT WHILE FLASH TALKS TO HIS EDITOR, SLUG GETS HIS HANDS FREE, AND WITH A SUDDEN LURCH, THE GANGSTER LUNGES AT FLASH.

.. AND KNOCKS THE GUN FROM HIS HAND WHILE THEY BATTLE, THE OTHER THUGS FREE THEMSELVES.

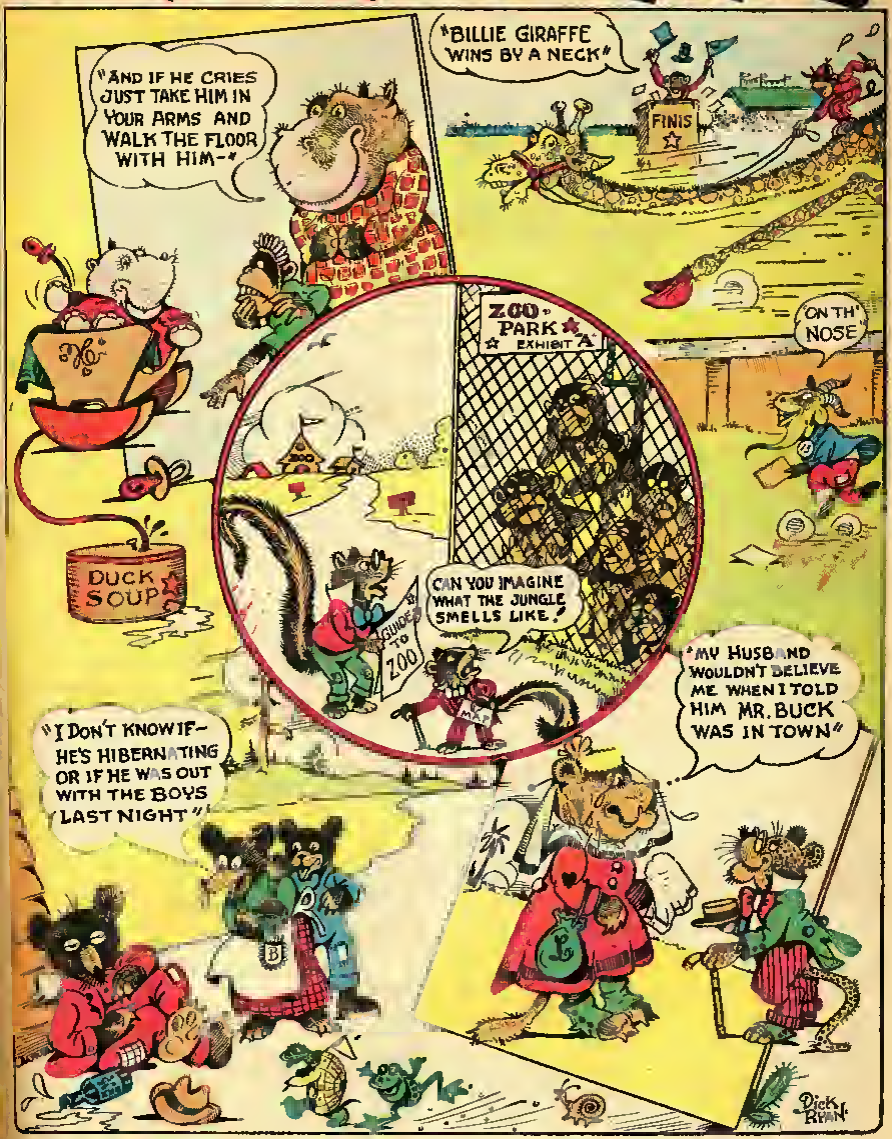
FLASH IS NOW ALONE AGAINST THE MOBSTERS.....


IT LOOKED AS THOUGH FLASH WAS DOOMED BY THE OVERWHELMING NUMBERS. SUDDENLY THE DOOR CRASHED OPEN AND THE POLICE RUSHED IN. THEY SOON HAD THE GANG UNDER CONTROL..


EXTRA
DAILY THE EXPRESS
—DEC 7, 1939—
SLUG WICKUM CAPTURED!
CONFESSES KLONDIKE HOLDUP
IN A SHORT TIME AN EXTRA IS ON THE STREETS, TELLING OF THE CAPTURE.


GOOD WORK, FLASH! WHO IS THE FALCON?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT HE IS A REAL ENEMY TO CRIME!
WHO IS THE FALCON? FOLLOW THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF THE PRESS GUARDIAN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS

ANIMAL ANTICS

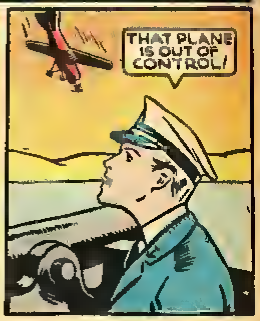


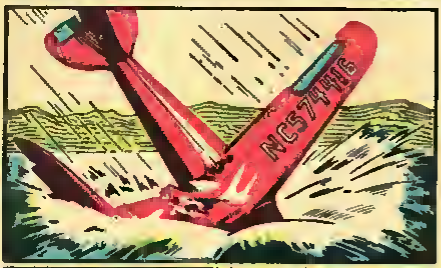
The MIDSHIPMAN

BY WILL HARR
ILLUSTRATED BY E.M. ASHE, JR.

MIDSHIPMAN LEE SAMSON FINDS A GIRL AND A RIVAL AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

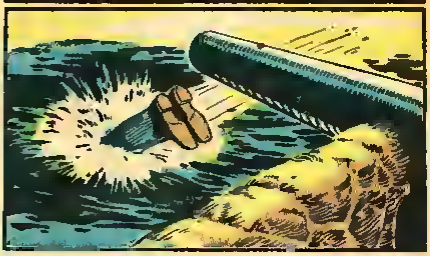
MIDSHIPMAN LEE SAMSON SAT ON THE BANK OF THE SEVERN RIVER, CRAMMING FOR THE EXAMS. IT WAS ALL QUIET ALONG THE RIVER WHEN THE PURR OF AN AIRPLANE MOTOR ATTRACTED HIS ATTENTION. SUDDENLY, TO HIS HORROR, THE MOTOR SPUTTERED AND THE PLANE DIVED INTO A TAILSPIN. DOWN CAME THE PLANE—LEE STANDING BY HELPLESS.





WHILE LEE WATCHES THE PLANE CRASHES INTO THE WATER.

IMMEDIATELY LEE DIVES INTO THE WATER TO SAVE THE PILOT. NO THOUGHT OF PERSONAL DANGER ENTERS HIS MIND.



POWERFUL STROKES BRING LEE CLOSER AND CLOSER TO HIS OBJECTIVE.

JUST AS THE PLANE STARTS TO SETTLE, HE PULLS THE UNCONSCIOUS PILOT FROM THE COCKPIT AND SWIMS AWAY, BARELY AVOIDING THE SUCTION CAUSED BY THE PLANE.

WITH EVERY MUSCLE BULGING, LEE SWIMS TOWARD SHORE WITH THE CUMBERSOME FIGURE OF THE UNCONCIOUS PILOT. ONCE ON THE BANK HE LIFTS THE GOGGLES AND DISCOVERS...

WHY-IT'S A GIRL!

LEE WORKS FEVERISHLY UNTIL THE GIRL STIRS AND BECOMES CONCIOUS.

I'M ALL RIGHT NOW-AND THANKS FOR SAVING ME, I'M MAE DENNIS.

PLEASURE IS ALL MINE I'M LEE SAMSON

LUCKILY, THE GIRL WAS NOT INJURED IN THE CRASH AND SOON REGAINS HER STRENGTH.

MY FATHER IS A RETIRED NAVAL OFFICER. I'D LIKE TO REPAY YOU, FOR SAVING ME.

I'LL ONLY ACCEPT ONE REWARD-

LET ME ESCORT YOU TO THE DANCE, TONIGHT.

I'D LOVE TO, BUT...

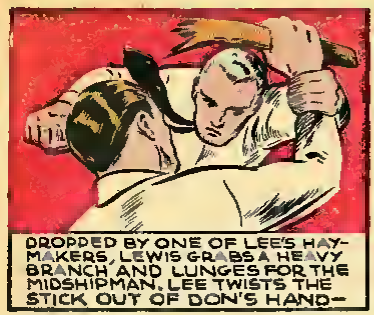
YOU'RE TOO LATE! MISS DENNIS IS GOING WITH ME!

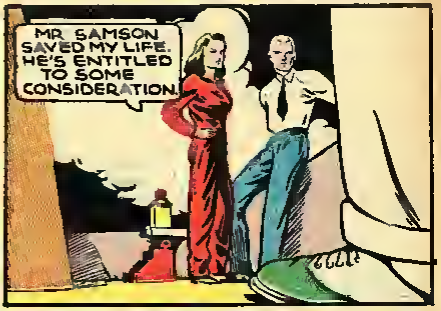
DON LEWIS-FROM NEARBY RECTOR COLLEGE, IS AT THE ACADEMY TO COMPETE IN THE SHELL RACES.

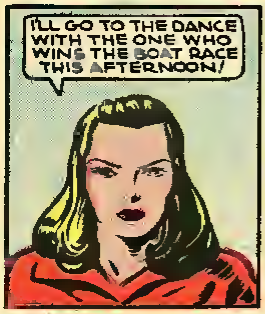
I'LL TEACH YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM MY GIRL.// TAKE THAT!

SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING...

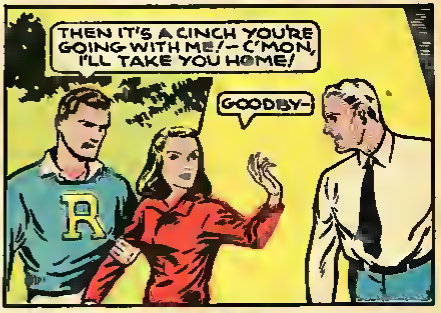
LEWIS SMASHES HIS FIST INTO LEE'S MIDSECTION REGAINING HIS BREATH, SAMSON CHARGES INTO HIS OPPONENT, LANDING SOLID RIGHTS AND LEFTS UNTIL DON BEGINS TO TOTTER.

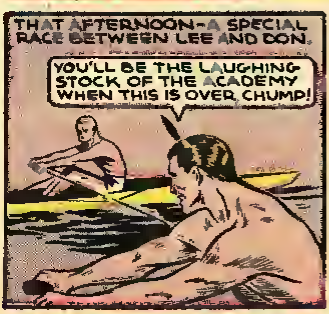


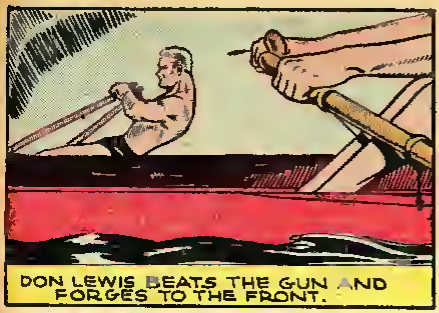


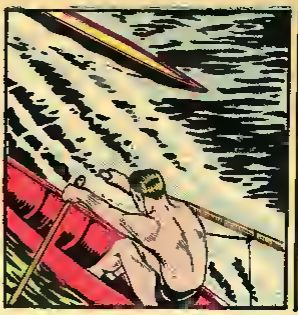


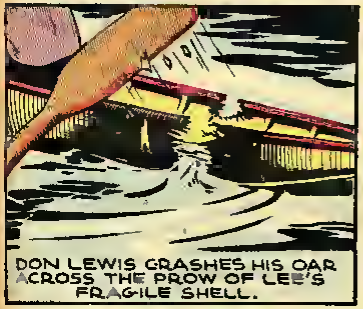
LEE SAMSON, ACE OARSMAN OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY, IS ENTERED IN A SPECIAL RACE WITH DON, CHAMP OARSMAN OF RECTOR COLLEGE. DON OFFERS TO TAKE THE GIRL TO HER HOME. LEE DOES NOT OBJECT SINCE MIDSHIPMEN AREN'T ALLOWED TO LEAVE THE ACADEMY GROUNDS.

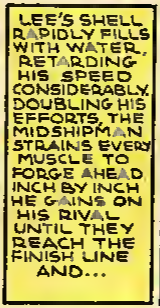


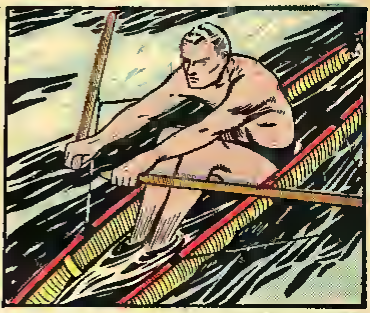


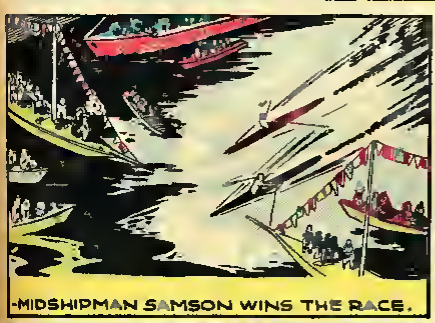

DON LEWIS BEATS THE GUN AND FORGES TO THE FRONT.

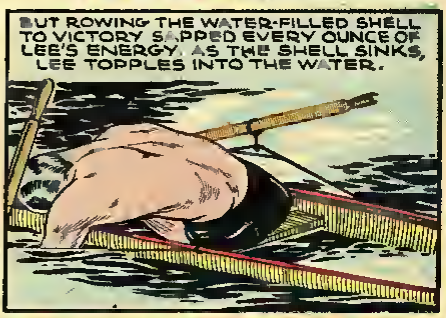

SLOWLY BUT STEADILY, LEE'S POWERFUL STROKES BRING HIM CLOSER AND CLOSER TO HIS RIVAL. AS THEY NEAR THE FINISH LINE, LEE FINALLY PULLS UP ON EVEN TERMS WITH DON. BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

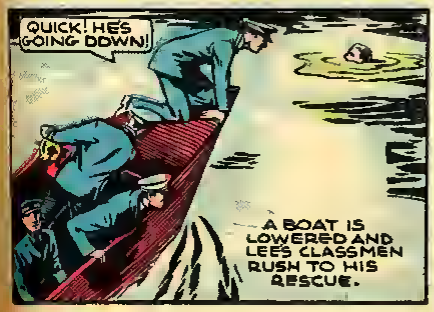

DON LEWIS CRASHES HIS OAR ACROSS THE PROW OF LEE'S FRAGILE SHELL.

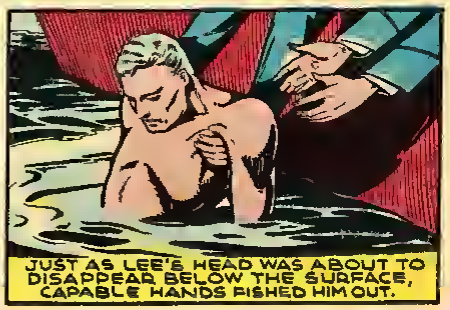

LEE'S SHELL RAPIDLY FILLS WITH WATER, RETARDING HIS SPEED CONSIDERABLY. DOUBLING HIS EFFORTS, THE MIDSHIPMAN STRAINS EVERY MUSCLE TO FORGE AHEAD INCH BY INCH HE GAINS ON HIS RIVAL UNTIL THEY REACH THE FINISH LINE AND...

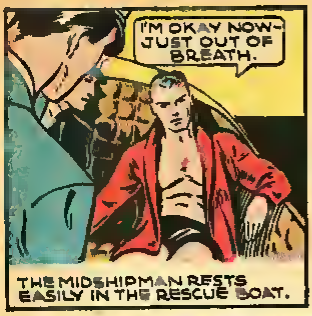



-MIDSHIPMAN SAMSON WINS THE RACE.


BUT ROWING THE WATER-FILLED SHELL TO VICTORY SAPPED EVERY OUNCE OF LEE'S ENERGY. AS THE SHELL SINKS, LEE TOPPLES INTO THE WATER.


QUICK! HE'S GOING DOWN!
A BOAT IS LOWERED AND LEE'S CLASSMEN RUSH TO HIS RESCUE.


JUST AS LEE'S HEAD WAS ABOUT TO DISAPPEAR BELOW THE SURFACE, CAPABLE HANDS FISHED HIM OUT.

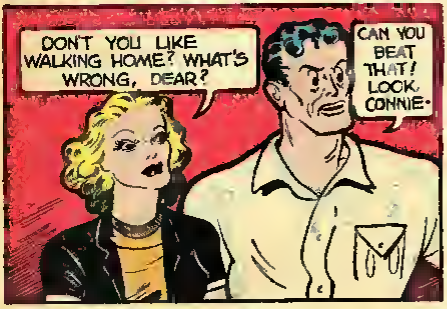


DON LEWIS NOT ONLY LOST THE BOAT RACE, BUT ALSO THE OPPORTUNITY TO ESCORT MISS DENNIS TO THE DANCE AS HE IS NOT ONE TO ACCEPT DEFEAT GRACEFULLY, HE SEEKS REVENGE WHEN LEE COMES OUT OF THE GYM-

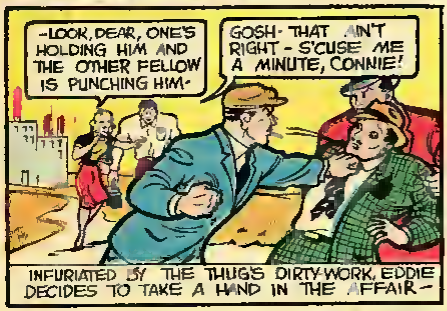
KAYO WARD
"LEW" BLACK — FIGHT MANAGER —
FISTS FLY INSIDE AND OUTSIDE THE RING, AS A CROOKED MANAGER AND HIS FIGHTER TRY TO MAKE A SAP OUT OF "KAYO" WARD!
BY PHIL STURM
LOOK AT THAT GUY WORK - HE DOESN'T EVEN FEEL THE HEAT.
WITH A BODY LIKE THAT, HE COULDN'T FEEL ANYTHING!
LOOK OUT - THAT GIRDER'S FALLING!
GOLLY - IT'S GONNA HIT 'EM!
MY, MY - YOU BETTER WATCH OUT -
WHAT TH'?
WHAT'S THE MATTER - YOU GOIN' CRAZY?
WITH MUSCLES BULGING AND PUTTING HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH TO ADVANTAGE, EDDIE STOPS THE GIRDER'S FALL
QUICK, YOU MEN, I CAN'T HOLD THIS UP MUCH LONGER!
GEE, THANKS, EDDIE. YOU SURE ARE A HERCULES —
ANOTHER FEW SECONDS AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE —

ED, YOU SURE SAVED US THAT TIME - SAY, WHERE'D YOU GET SO STRONG?
MAYBE IT COMES FROM EXERCISING

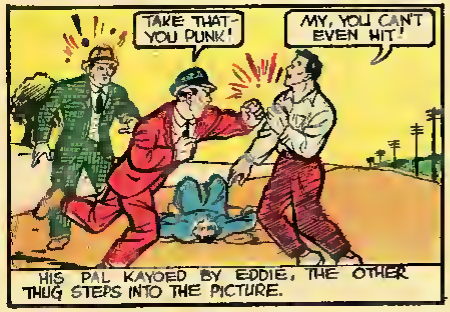
WANT A LIFT, EDDIE?
NO, THANKS, - CONNIE AND ME ARE GONNA WALK HOME -

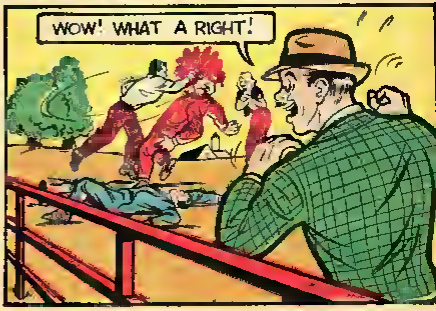

DON'T YOU LIKE WALKING HOME? WHAT'S WRONG, DEAR?
CAN YOU BEAT THAT! LOOK, CONNIE.

YOU AIN'T HERE FOR NOTHIN', LEW. WHO'S THE PLUG THIS TIME?
OUCH - I TELL YOU I AIN'T GOT NO ONE -
TWO THUGS ARE 'ROUGHING UP' LEW BLACK, BIG TIME FIGHT MANAGER -

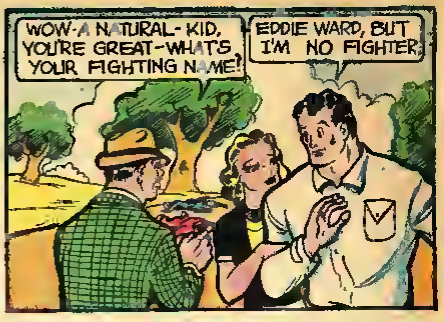

- LOOK, DEAR, ONE'S HOLDING HIM AND THE OTHER FELLOW IS PUNCHING HIM.
GOSH - THAT AIN'T RIGHT - S'CUSE ME A MINUTE, CONNIE!
INFURIATED BY THE THUG'S DIRTY WORK, EDDIE DECIDES TO TAKE A HAND IN THE AFFAIR -

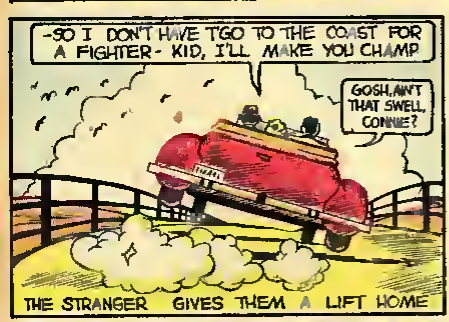
YOU SHOULDN'T HIT ANYONE WHEN HE'S BEIN' HELD!

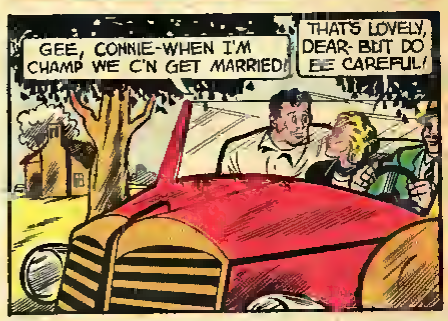

TAKE THAT - YOU PUNK!
AW, YOU CAN'T EVEN HIT!
HIS PAL KAYOED BY EDDIE, THE OTHER THUG STEPS INTO THE PICTURE.

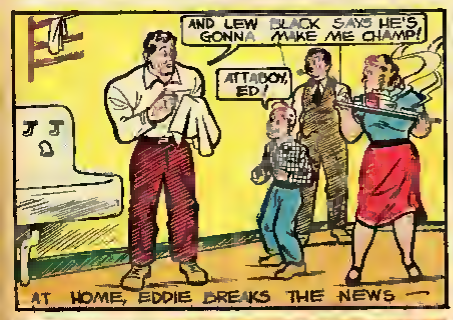

WOW! WHAT A RIGHT!

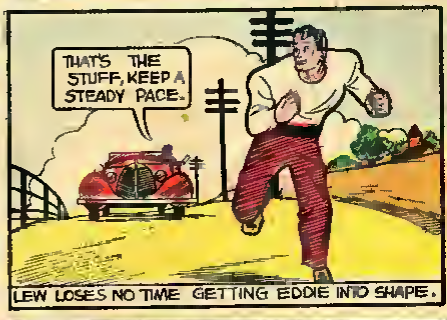
GREAT SCOTT, WHAT A WALLOP!
NOW - THAT OUGHT TO TEACH YOU SOME MANNERS-
A TERRIFIC LEFT CROSS FINISHES HIS MAN-

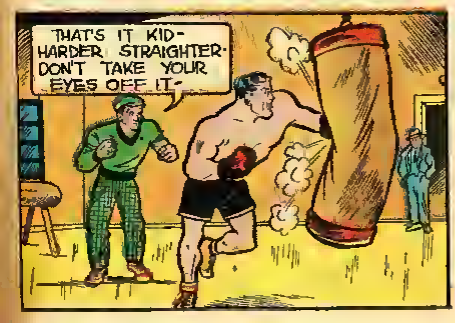

WOW-A NATURAL-KID, YOU'RE GREAT-WHAT'S YOUR FIGHTING NAME?
EDDIE WARD, BUT I'M NO FIGHTER.

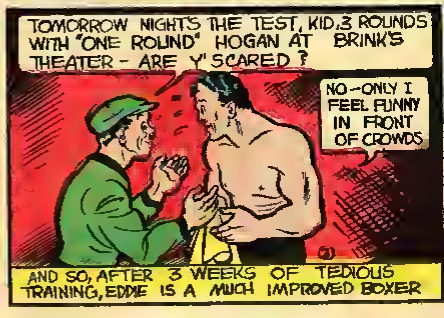

-SO I DON'T HAVE TGO TO THE COAST FOR A FIGHTER - KID, I'LL MAKE YOU CHAMP
GOSH, AIN'T THAT SWELL, CONNIE?
THE STRANGER GIVES THEM A LIFT HOME

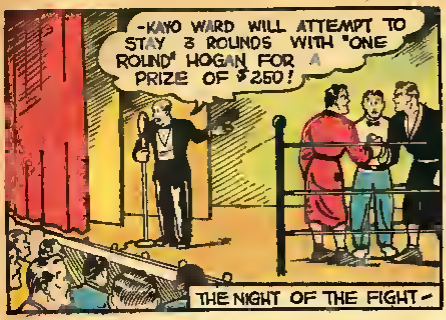

GEE, CONNIE-WHEN I'M CHAMP WE C'N GET MARRIED!
THAT'S LOVELY, DEAR- BUT DO BE CAREFUL!

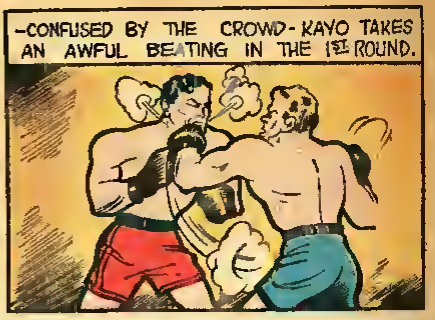

AND LEW BLACK SAYS HE'S GONNA MAKE ME CHAMP!
ATTABOY, ED!
AT HOME, EDDIE BREAKS THE NEWS

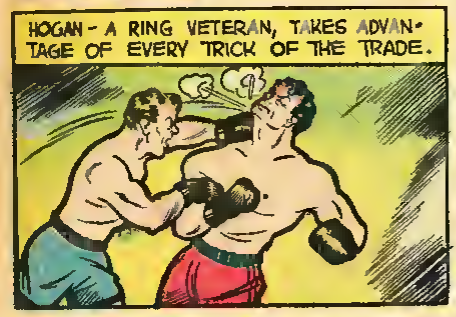

THAT'S THE STUFF, KEEP A STEADY PACE-
LEW LOSES NO TIME GETTING EDDIE INTO SHAPE.

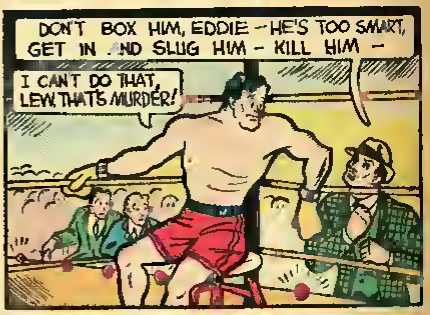

THAT'S IT KID- HARDER, STRAIGHTER- DON'T TAKE YOUR EYES OFF IT-

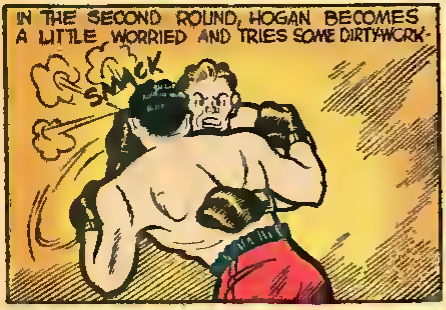

TOMORROW NIGHT'S THE TEST, KID, 3 ROUNDS WITH "ONE ROUND" HOGAN AT BRINK'S THEATER - ARE Y' SCARED ?
NO - ONLY I FEEL FUNNY IN FRONT OF CROWDS
AND SO, AFTER 3 WEEKS OF TEDIOUS TRAINING, EDDIE IS A MUCH IMPROVED BOXER

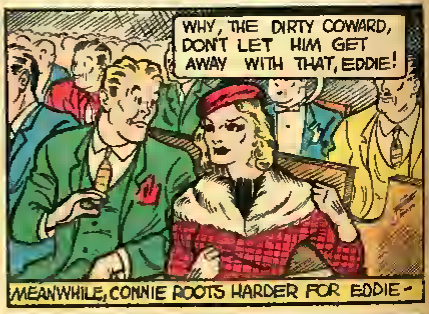

-KAYO WARD WILL ATTEMPT TO STAY 3 ROUNDS WITH "ONE ROUND" HOGAN FOR A PRIZE OF $250!
THE NIGHT OF THE FIGHT-

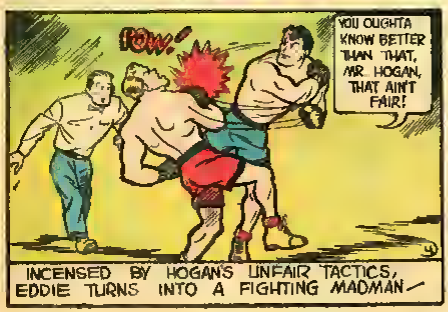

-CONFUSED BY THE CROWD- KAYO TAKES AN AWFUL BEATING IN THE 1ST ROUND.

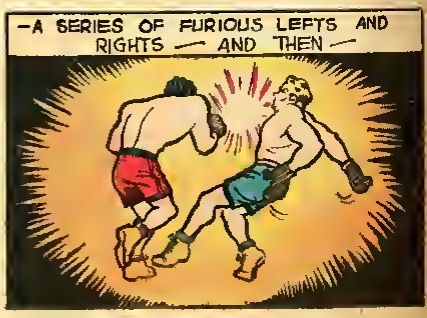

HOGAN - A RING VETERAN, TAKES ADVANTAGE OF EVERY TRICK OF THE TRADE.

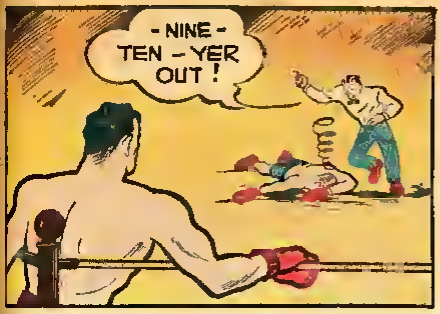

DON'T BOX HIM, EDDIE - HE'S TOO SMART, GET IN AND SLUG HIM - KILL HIM -
I CAN'T DO THAT, LEW, THAT'S MURDER!

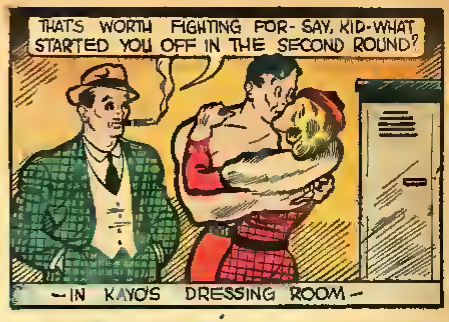

IN THE SECOND ROUND, HOGAN BECOMES A LITTLE WORRIED AND TRIES SOME DIRTY WORK-
SMACK

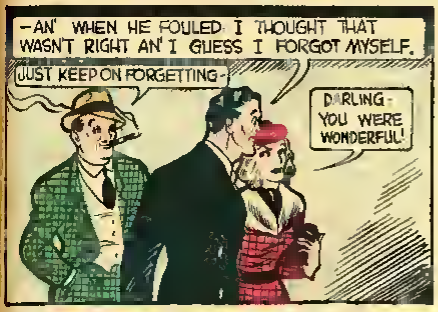

WHY, THE DIRTY COWARD, DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THAT, EDDIE!
MEANWHILE, CONNIE ROOTS HARDER FOR EDDIE-


POW!
YOU OUGHTA KNOW BETTER THAN THAT, MR. HOGAN, THAT AIN'T FAIR!
INCENSED BY HOGAN'S UNFAIR TACTICS, EDDIE TURNS INTO A FIGHTING MADMAN-

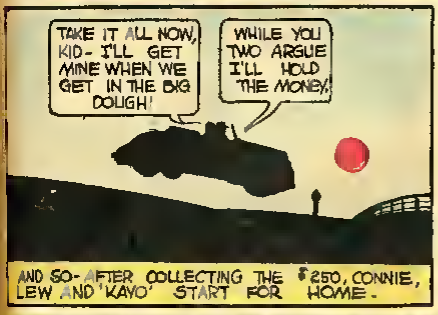

-A SERIES OF FURIOUS LEFTS AND RIGHTS — AND THEN —

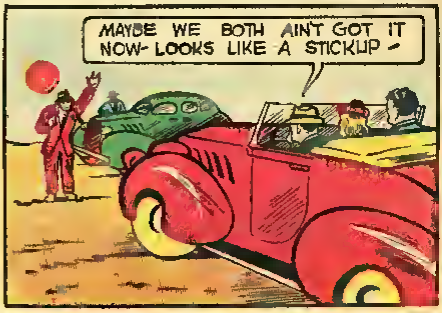

- NINE -
TEN - YER OUT !

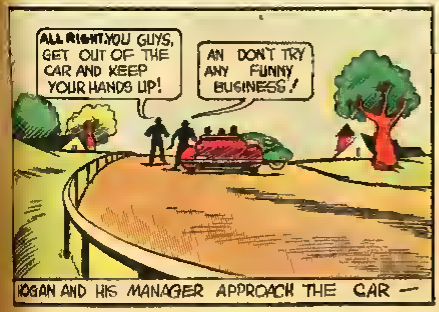

THAT'S WORTH FIGHTING FOR- SAY, KID-WHAT STARTED YOU OFF IN THE SECOND ROUND?
- IN KAYO'S DRESSING ROOM -

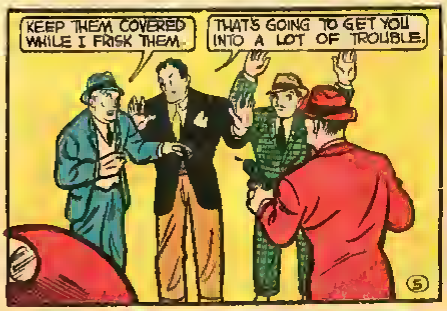

- AN' WHEN HE FOULED I THOUGHT THAT WASN'T RIGHT AN' I GUESS I FORGOT MYSELF.
JUST KEEP ON FORGETTING -
DARLING - YOU WERE WONDERFUL!

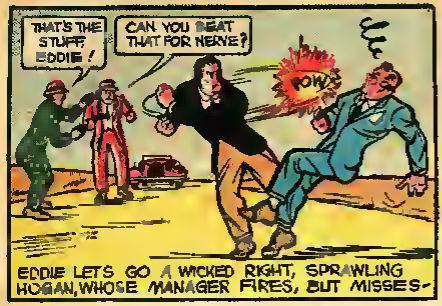
WHY, YOU'RE A NO GOOD BUM - LETTING A GREEN KID LIKE THAT TAKE OUR DOUGH -
WHEN THEY PASS THE RAIL-ROAD YARD TONIGHT WE'LL GET IT ALL BACK -
-MEANWHILE- IN HOGAN'S DRESSING ROOM -


TAKE IT ALL NOW, KID - I'LL GET MINE WHEN WE GET IN THE BIG DOUGH!
WHILE YOU TWO ARGUE I'LL HOLD THE MONEY!
AND SO- AFTER COLLECTING THE $250, CONNIE, LEW AND 'KAYO' START FOR HOME -


MAYBE WE BOTH AIN'T GOT IT NOW- LOOKS LIKE A STICKUP -

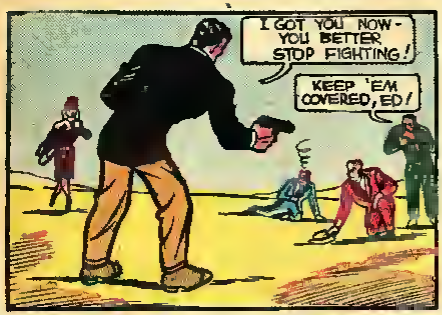

ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS, GET OUT OF THE CAR AND KEEP YOUR HANDS UP!
AN DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY BUSINESS!
HOGAN AND HIS MANAGER APPROACH THE CAR -

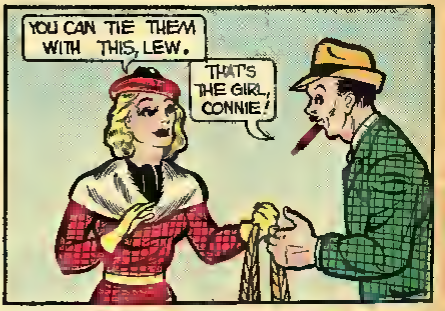

KEEP THEM COVERED WHILE I FRISK THEM.
THAT'S GOING TO GET YOU INTO A LOT OF TROUBLE.
5

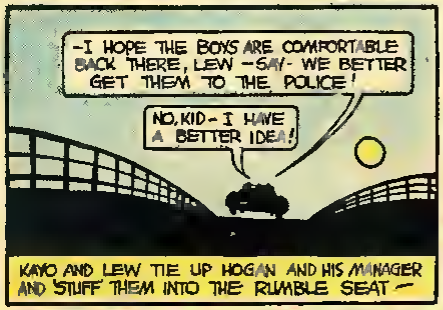


EDDIE LETS GO A WICKED RIGHT, SPRAWLING HOGAN, WHOSE MANAGER FIRES, BUT MISSES-

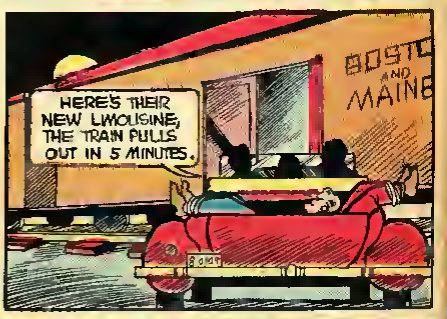
CATCHING HOGAN'S MANAGER UNAWARES, LEW SPILLS HIM WITH A FLYING TACKLE —

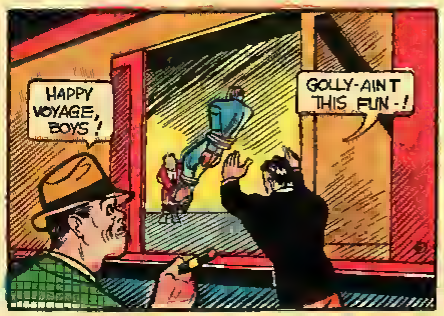


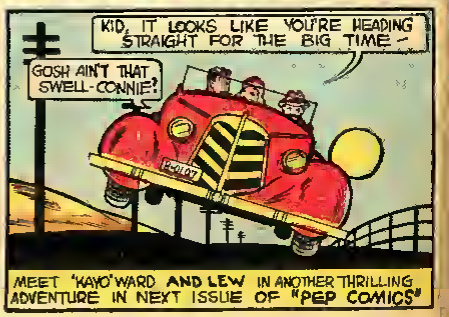




KAYO AND LEW TIE UP HOGAN AND HIS MANAGER AND STUFF THEM INTO THE RUMBLE SEAT —







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